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THINGS REQUISITE.

BY C. S.

Have a tear for the wretched—a smile for the glad;
For the worthy applause—an excuse for the bad:
Some help for the needy—some pity for those
Who stray from the path where true happiness flows.
Have a laugh for the child in her play at thy feet:
Have respect for the aged; and pleasantly greet
The stranger that seeketh for shelter from thee—
Have a covering to spare, if he naked should be.
Have a hope in thy sorrow—a calm in thy joy;
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ;
And, oh! above all things on this side the sod,
Have peace with thy conscience, and peace with thy God.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

"SO you are really going to London?" he said, in a moment or two.

"Yes; but I fear it will cost me a month of time to walk there."

"I should think so," he said, still amused and measuring her slight figure with his eye. "And what do you mean to do when you get there?"

"I don't know yet. I must find some place—some work to do. I am going to earn a great deal of money."

The fair face looking into his was so full of faith, so lighted up with a bright enthusiasm, that he forbore to smile, and half ashamed of his own cynicism and worldly sense.

"Then I suppose you have plenty of friends in London?"

"Oh, no! I have none."

"Then your friends here should not let you go."

"There is no one cares for me here."

"A forlorn waif indeed!" thought the gentleman. "And, if she chooses to try for better fortune in London, what business is it of mine? And yet in common charity"—and here his gaze met her calm eyes—"I ought to dissuade her from such madness. What makes you think of London?" he said abruptly.

"I saw the word on the milestone, and it came to me like a voice or a hand pointing the way I should go."

"Such an idea is a mere fancy," he answered. "Come, let us turn back, and I will take you home."

He had stopped in saying this, and stood regarding her, one hand resting on his horse, the other held towards her in unwonted earnestness.

"I have no home."

"But you must have lived somewhere," he persisted, vexed at his own belief in this waif of the road.

"Yes; I lived with my grandmother, but she will not keep me any longer. This very evening she has put me from her forever."

Again his glance went down into the depth of the ugly bonnet, and met the candid gaze of childish eyes that chased instantly the suspicion which for a moment had shadowed his mind. "She is speaking the truth; and—no, she did not deserve such treatment," he murmured to himself.

"Your grandmother must be a nice old lady," he said aloud. "I can sympathize with you. I too have a grandmother."

"Have you?" she cried, turning eagerly. "And is she miserly? Does she begrudge you everything? And does she hate you."

"Stop, stop! You go on too fast. She is certainly not fond of me, but she is not miserly. On the contrary, she spends all her own money, and as much of other people's as she can get."

Again his companion did not quite understand his way of speaking; she listened without a smile.

"And do you live with her?"

"Thank goodness, no!" And he laughed out. "But she bestows her company on me sometimes. To tell the truth, I am running away from her now."

"Are you indeed?" And suddenly he felt a little hand slide into his with gentlest touch of sympathy. "Oh, I am very sorry for you! But I hope you have not fear of her so much as I have of my grandmother."

His inclination to laugh was curiously checked, and there was even a shade of gravity mixed with the comical side of the picture in his mind as he answered—

"Well, not quite perhaps; but she is so formidable that I certainly am a little afraid of her, or I should not be running away, you see."

"But she can't hurt you?" said the girl, looking up at him through her quaint headgear as if she considered him a son of Anak before whom even a fierce grandmother must quail.

"No, not me, but another. And that is why I am afraid."

She looked at him in such a wistful puzzled way that smilingly he gave her a sort of explanation.

"You see she is not quite my grandmother, but my little boy's—and—and that is all I can tell you."

"Your little boy! How strange! I never thought of you like that."

"Like what?" he asked, much amused again.

"Why, as being quite grown up and married, and perhaps even growing a little old. Are you?"

"Compared with you, I am old," he then said.

She gave a little sigh, and drew away her hand, which he was still holding.

"I am sorry for that, because all the old people I have known have been so cross and cruel. You are not like them; you cannot be very old."

"Not quite grey-headed," he said very gravely.

"And your wife is very young and beautiful, I am sure?"

He did not answer her for a moment and the shadow of heavy trees was over them. It was quite dark; she could not see his face.

His voice seemed to come out of this darkness in a strange weird way.

"I have no wife, child—she is dead. I have only my little boy."

Her hand slipped into his again, and he felt it lifted up and carried through the tunnel-bonnet to her warm cheek, against which she pressed it for half a second, then let it go, and walked on silently. The action touched him, and he did not by a single word break in upon the solemn quiet which seemed to grow around them.

The long pale lights in the evening sky had faded softly into night, and the moon rose up, changing the aspect of all things beneath her path, changing even the atmosphere, touching the soul with awe and tinting the trees with a solemn and trembling silver.

Glittering in the moon's full ray was a white gate, shining on them from the end of a dark avenue of trees, the rustling leaves of which so roofed it in that scarcely did a stray beam enter here and there to sprinkle light upon the path.

"This is the gate of my fortress," said the gentleman, stooping suddenly before it. "This is the castle wherein I have entrenched myself against my enemy."

"But no one lives there," returned the child, with a frightened look. "The place has been shut up, oh, ever, ever so long! And there is only an old woman who goes there sometimes to open the closed shutters and let a little sunlight in upon the dismal haunted rooms. Oh, you cannot be going there!"

"Why not? The place does not seem dismal to me. It has no grandmothers in it, and my little boy is happy there."

He opened the gate and led his horse through; then it swung back and made a barrier between him and the little maiden who, all bathed in moon-light, stood looking gravely into the darkness, with eyes brimful of tears.

"You have been so kind," she said. "The road will be very lonely now. Must we say good-bye here?"

"I am afraid we must, little waif."

And he drew nearer to the gate and rested his arms upon it, looking down once more into the queer tunnel-shaped bonnet, at the end of which a pretty wistful face looked up at him, with lips beginning to quiver. It was odd how much that quiver affected him. He flung his horse's bridle over the post, then opened the gate, and stepped into the road by her side again.

"See here, child! I cannot leave you in the road alone, and with night coming on. Tell me what I shall do for you. It is folly what you dream of doing. You cannot walk to London; it is impossible."

"Is it indeed?" she said. "I think not. It might be impossible to you, but not to me."

"Now that is a hard riddle for me to understand. Do you pretend you can do something I cannot? Why, you little creature, I can hold you in the hollow of my hand!"

"Yes"—and she slipped from him as he would have grasped her; "but it is true nevertheless, because I am used to walking and you to riding. And I can be a servant, while you can only be a master."

"There's logic in that, but it doesn't persuade me that I ought to go inside this gate to safety, and let you go up that road in darkness to danger."

With his hand upon his chin, he stood looking down upon the sweet face that looked up at him, puzzled at his words, but not comprehending danger or evil.

"Well, now, positively you wont go back to the grandmother?" he said.

"No," returned Grace; and her hand touched quietly her beloved violin. "She said 'for ever;' and I, in my heart, said too 'for ever.'"

The gentleman smiled.

These words, "for ever," fall so easily from young lips; but from the grandmother's they meant a decided cruelty.

Well, it would be better not to insist on her going back; it might lead to a second expulsion, a double cruelty.

He would think of it; he would see to-morrow what could be done; and meanwhile——

"I wonder what old Prue will say to it?" he murmured. "She can't object much just for one night; and to-morrow, when the beldam grandmother has been mollified with a little money—— See here, child! Shall we come to a compromise, you and I? What do you say to lodging one night at my fortress? And to-morrow, if nothing better can be done, you shall go on to London, like Dick Whittington without the cat. How do you like this arrangement?"

In answer, she slipped her hand in his again.

He opened the gate, flung his horse's bridle across his arm, and together they went up the dark avenue in silence.

* * * * * *

It was not till the archway of trees was passed that a light glimmered out on Grace and her companion from a single window in a tall building, all the rest of which was a blank.

"We are at home," said the gentleman, his tone changing from playfulness to a certain dryness; "and perhaps it would be as well now for us to know each other's names. You are not going to say that you are Red Riding-hood, I hope; but, if you do, I shall answer I am not the wolf."

She could not understand the shade of passing hardness in his voice, any more than she could catch the meaning of his words; but they made her answer very timidly—

"My name is Grace Lanyon."

"A very good name," said the gentleman; "and it has the advantage of not having come in with the Conqueror but, in fact, of having arrived much in advance of that founder of pedigrees. Well, and my name is Alan Fitzurse, which means the son of a bear. And I am a little bearish at times."

She listened patiently, keeping silent till he should say something she could comprehend and answer.

"Ah, you don't understand me in the bearish mood! But I'll knock now, for at all events you do perceive there is nothing of Red Riding-hood in our case except the grandmothers."

"No, nothing else," said the child.

She said it in such a quaint simple way, her ingenuousness so untouched by the cynical shadow on his own mind, that it fled like thin wings of darkness before the morning glory.

"Ah, I see we shall be great friends!" he said, returning suddenly to his frank tone. "Now I am going to give you one piece of advice. Stay just as you are, and don't allow your eyes to be opened by any worldly salves; and while you are under my care listen to me only and to no one else. I am not a bad sort of bear myself, but I won't answer for any other animals."

Before she could only half wonder at the odd humor in him which made him put things before her as if she were part of a fairy tale, the door was opened, and a woman peered out at them, holding a candle high above her head while she looked with wrinkled-up eyes full of uncertainty into the darkness.

"Send Hugh round for the horse," said the gentleman in a quick voice, "and don't speak to me now," he added sharply, as with a scared and questioning look the woman stared at the child-figure by his side.

Obeying him instantly, she departed on her errand, leaving the door half-closed and the candle flaring in the draught.

"Is that the grandmother?" asked Grace anxiously.

The question diverted him so much that laughter stood in both his eyes as he answered her, perhaps a vision of the real grandmother being brought to him in a gleam of humor through her words.

"Thank goodness, no!" he said. "Have I not told you that I have run away from her? She is miles and miles away from us."

"As far as London?"

"Farther, I hope. But mind—not a word of the grandmother to my old housekeeper; and don't let her talk to you about me. I don't want to have my likeness drawn by the frizzled light of old Prue's understanding; it might frighten you by its ugliness," he added, laughing. "So you must promise to hear and know nothing of me but what I choose. Those are my commands; can you obey them?"

"It is easy for me to obey," said Grace. "I am used to that."

"Poor child, you have had a hard time, I expect, through your little life! And you have learnt more than I have."

"That's because you have always been master wherever you went," said Grace, taking it simply as a fact that her life had taught her harder lessons than his.

"And to obey is one of the impossible things you think I can't do? Faith, some people would declare I was doing the impossible now, living in this comfortless old

fortress with an establishment consisting of a resuscitated mummy and two monkeys in the shape of boys."

One of these monkeys, now appearing, led away the horse; and then Alan Fitzurse, as he called himself, pushed open the door of his mansion and beckoned to Grace to enter.

She found herself in a large hall so dimly lighted by the single candle standing on the floor, where the housekeeper had left it, that she could just see it was hung with pictures and coats of mail, and looking black and ghostly.

"Welcome to my fortress, little waif!" said Alan. "It looks better by daylight than it does now. Don't let it scare you; there are neither ghosts nor grandmothers in it. My housekeeper is an old maid. I like old maids; they are so cheerfully vicious without being Herodian."

Again Grace was puzzled, but she felt she ought to smile, and so she did with her lips, while her eyes kept their childish wonder in wide-open calm.

At the end of the great hall, through an archway, there loomed upon them the wrinkled visage of the housekeeper holding another candle, her glance still uneasily curious and scornful as it rested on Grace.

"If you please, my——" she began, but her master stopped her in a dry peremptory tone.

"I told you not to speak to me now," he said.

The woman was silent but her eyes blazed with wrath as they fixed themselves on Grace in an ugly stare.

"Stay here a moment, little one," said Alan, in his kindest voice, "while I go and speak to my housekeeper. Now, Prue, come and unburden your mind."

The woman followed him through the archway, and Grace was left alone in the hall with shadowy portraits and the armor standing in dark niches like dead warriors, and the moon gleaming down on her from the high dome.

It was Prue who returned to her, not the master whom she did not see again that evening.

Prue was civil outwardly; but there was still an angry gleam in her eyes as she led the way up a wide staircase, then through a long corridor to a low arched door, which she unlocked, displaying a narrow winding stairs, such as Grace had seen in the church-tower.

They mounted these, the old woman holding the light, and looking back in an ugly way as Grace followed her.

"Here is your room," she said, opening the door of a little turret-chamber having three long windows, each one narrowed outwardly to a mere slit, letting in a slanting ray of moonlight and a hand-breath of sky star-studded.

"You'll be safe enough here," said Prue. "This is the oldest part of the house, and the walls are strong as iron."

"It will be very lonely," said Grace very timidly.

"All the place is lonely," returned Prue sharply. "We are used to loneliness here. Shall I bring you some supper?" she added gruffly. "Master told me to ask you.

"No, no!" cried Grace in a hurried way. "I want nothing."

Something heavy was at her heart, her gratitude was no longer warm, her voice was full of tears.

"Very well," answered Prue. "Good night then. You had better rise betimes in the morning and be off early. Master has told me he is giving you a night's lodging—nothing more. You are not going to beg and whine to stay longer and live on his bounty, I hope? I have enough to do here without waiting on beggars."

This last was mumbled low as she went winding down the stairs with the light of her candle flickering on the wall.

But Grace heard the words, and her heart beat fast and her tears fell.

All her gratitude was quenched in that rain.

She resolved to rise before the sun and go away without a leave-taking.

She would have cried out to the old woman not to lock the door at the foot of the narrow stairs, but the sob on her lips stayed her voice, and in a moment the last flicker on the wall died out, the lock was turned, and all was silence.

A small lamp was burning on the table—Prue had lighted it while she grumbled; and Grace gleaned at it in fear, wondering how long it would keep alight.

She felt as if things were cruel.

She wished she had walked on through the night; the road was not so lonesome as this isolated chamber, the sky not so dark as these walls.

And she would have been free; now she was a prisoner.

Did they think she was a thief? If a dog had come to her for shelter, she would not have served him so.

A touch of indignant scorn swept over her face and flashed in her eyes.

This dried her tears and she was calm. There was even a smile on her lips as, unfastening the shawl in which she had carried her worldly goods, she drew forth the little instrument—that demon fiddle, as Mrs Lanyon named it—whose potent spirit, now so dumb and silent, she could awake from his slumbers, to charm and soothe, subdue and conquer a listening world.

Soon floating down those narrow time-worn stairs came the wild charm of passionate music, whispering of orphanhood and grief and lonely thought, amid mingled sounds of leafy woods, rustling winds, and rushing waterfalls, or the dash of waves upon a rugged shore.

All these were the accompaniment to the chant of the child's spirit, which had for its theme her unloved loneliness, her patient suffering under cruel tyranny, and the eternal longings of her soul for beauty and for love.

Sometimes with these came a sister-thought floating in at intervals with mystic comfortings—a voice, a speech which has no earthly utterance save in music, or in the mighty stillness of the mountain, the majesty of the sea, or the sublime silence of the stars.

Down the turret stairs, through the stout door, floating onwards beyond corridor and hall, glided the wonderful music, till it touched the ear of the widowed master, who listening in rapt amazement, held his breath and let the sounds rush upon his soul.

Then his spirit grew full of echoes, faint voices of the dead, mystic gleams of some other world, bright transient visions of far-off happiness forgotten, sudden memories fleeting away of things done and felt, not here, and never to be held in closer link than this, and yet mysteriously dear. Ah, how thin are these shining threads of light which reach the soul we know not how, we know not whence!

The music ceased, and all were snapt, and earth was in his veins again.

Starting up like a man awakened from a wizard slumber and deeming himself still in a dream, he went in the spell of the music through empty hall and corridor, rousing here and there a lone echo to follow him, till his feet brought him wistfully he knew not why, to the turret door.

But here there met him only the whistling wind with melancholy sough, wailing like a prisoner within the wall.

Many minutes ago Grace had divined his step, and her hand dropped into silence, her spirit flew back from the wild sea-shore, whither it had gone in a vision, and her young human heart began to beat painfully.

In a moment the door at the foot of the narrow stairs was unlocked and set open and laughing words fell upon her ears.

"So you made a prisoner of my guest, Prue? That was hardly fair or hospitable."

"I thought it best to be on the safe side," grumbled Prue sulkily. "Wandering folks mostly are not——"

"Prue, you have no eyes," he said, gaily interrupting her. "You do not know a bird from a wolf. Had she all she needed before you shut the cage door?"

"She wanted nothing, she said," returned Prue shortly.

"That's because it was grudgingly offered. Prue, you have spoiled my night's rest; inhospitality was never before the sin of a Fitzurse."

Prue was silent, being angry, and not wide-witted enough to comprehend her master's thoughts.

"And who was your musical lover?" he asked in a moment. "On my word, the fellow has a rare skill!"

"Me a lover!" cried the old woman, aghast. "I never had no such wickedness belonging to me!"

He laughed.

"But you heard the music, Prue?"

"I've been in the outhouse chopping wood. I heard no music there, except the owls hooting; there's plenty of them round about."

"Very odd!" said her master turning away. "I must find out to-morrow what young Orpheus we have in the village who haunts my garden. It was a serenade, I suppose, devised for my amusement."

Prue looked after him and shook her head.

"Haunted! Yes, that's the right word. We be all haunted more or less; but the ghosts come to him oftener than they do to me. He's fond of 'em; I ain't."

As for Grace, she felt, as she caught the master's words, that the inhospitality that had wounded her was not his fault, and her gratitude came back to her with a blush. She closed her door put away her beloved violin, and slept, for comfort with cooling hand had soothed her into peace.

CHAPTER IV.

THE morning came, glancing in through the narrow windows like slender arrows of light; but it was not these that awoke Grace.

It was the sound of weeping—a hard sulky weeping, mingled with angry words. Frightened, she dressed quickly and ran down the turret stairs, close by which was a door half open, whence the sounds proceeded.

Entering, Grace found herself in a long low room hung with faded tapestry, and on the floor sat a heavy-looking girl bemoaning herself with sulky sobs.

Prue stood by her, angry and full of words.

"What is the matter?" asked Grace.

"The matter!" exclaimed Prue. "Why, some people don't know when they are well off; that's what's the matter! Here is this howling simpleton threatening to leave, and then the dear child will be without a nurse."

"Simpleton yourself!" retorted the girl. "I'm sorry for the child, but I can't stay, I can't stay," she repeated, rocking herself to and fro in dismal time to her words. "The place is so lonesome, and I've always been used to London. Oh, I can't stay, I can't stay!"

"Idiot!" said Prue between her teeth. "Where will you get a better master?"

"Oh, nowhere—nowhere! But I can't stay. I'm growing—oh, I don't know what I'm growing to be down here! I can not stay!"

And to this melancholy refrain she swayed her stout body to and fro in a sort of cadence.

"And what is the dear child to do without a nurse?" demanded Prue.

"I can't tell; don't ask me! And I'm no good here. I'm full of lonesome fancies. The trees and the quiet have got hold of me. I can do nothing but cry."

"That's very true," returned Prue cynically.

"And I sha'n't be well till I get back to London and hear the noise of wheels again. That's life to me. Oh, the big ugly trees and the dreadful quiet here are killing me! I can't stay, I can't stay!"

"Did you ever see such a pattie [simpleton]?" asked Prue, appealing to Grace, who stood silent at the door.

"I can understand what she feels," Grace answered, full of pity. "It is just, you see, as if you set a cage-bird free in the woods. He would fear solemn largeness around him, and tremble at the shadows and the sounds; he would long to get back to the bars again. But doubtless London is such a beautiful place," she added very quietly.

"Oh, it's lovely, miss!" moaned the city-sick girl. "Omnibuses and cabs going all day long, miles of shops, and people no end. Oh, this horrid quiet is like a tombstone on me! It's got hold of me and catches my breath. I can't stay, I can't stay!"

"If you can live only in a whirlpool or a mill," observed Prue wrathfully, "of course you must go. But what master will do about the child I can't tell. There—your noise has awoke him now!"

From over the edge of a cot at this moment there peeped a blond head clustered with curls and a pretty wan face flushed slightly with the sleep of innocence. With wondering blue eyes, ready to shrink in fear or smile in gladness, he gazed at the stranger, and, liking Grace's looks, he held out chubby arms to her, and the smile came to both lips and eyes.

In an instant she held him pressed against her white shoulder with his little clinging hands about her neck.

"He seems to like you. Can't you be nurse to him?" asked the stout girl.

"I!" exclaimed Grace; and over face and throat there rushed a color that made her cheeks burn. She hid them among the child's many curls, not daring to answer further.

"Perhaps I take a liberty?" continued the girl scanning Grace more closely, as if in the dainty slight figure and sweet calm face she saw signs of a higher position than her poor attire would seem to signify.

"I am not a lady if you mean that. I am very poor," Grace answered hurriedly, "and I intend to earn my living; but I have other thoughts—other views."

"Ah, you mean you are too proud for service!" interposed Prue. "But you are young to be out in the world; and you could be worse I can tell you than find a resting-place here till something better comes to you."

A resting-place! The words found an echo in her own soul. Somehow it seemed very hard to her to go forth from this shelter in an hour, and never see it more through all her life.

"I am not too proud she said with a little quiver of the lip. "I have borne harder things than to be a servant; but I am too young. I am not fit for such a charge."

"You are better than no one," returned Prue gruffly. "Come at once and speak to the master."

But Grace shrank back, the blush on her face passing into paleness: this coarse readiness, this rough haste frightened her, and some undefined feeling fluttering at her heart made it quiver at the thought of appealing to her host as a suppliant prying for a place in his house as a servant.

No, she could not—she would not do it! And her father too—that absent, careless, silent father who had forgotten or forsaken her—he would be angry if he came to seek her and found her thus.

No; she could do better things than be a servant, and she would do them, though the way might be long and hard and the suffering greater than the success.

Resolutely she unclasped the little hands clinging about her neck, and placed the child upon the floor.

"I thank you," she said to Prue, "but I must go away to my own life. I cannot stay here."

"Here's another pattie!" said Prue, apostrophising the high blue sky without and the solemn trees waving green arms to their own shadows.

"Ah, I thought so!" resumed the girl, who was holding her head between her hands. "She feels it too, you see—how the lonesomeness creeps on and on till it lays hold of you and gets into your mind. And then you are like a lost dog bewilded in the wilderness, and you wander on and on, growing something dreadful to yourself. And you can not stop it. Oh, I'll go directly! I won't stay another hour in this old owlery."

Starting up with sudden vehemence, she thrust the child aside almost with a blow, and, terrified, he ran, weeping, to Grace and clung to her gown.

She lifted him in her arms and soothed him back into quietude.

Prue watched her silently, and then, plucking her by the sleeve, drew her from the room.

"It's not safe to leave the child with her," she said, when they were in the corridor. "Now come to me pretty!"

But the little one clung to Grace and resisted her efforts to unclasp his arms from their tight embrace.

Prue laughed at this, and led Grace on till they reached a heavy panelled door, before which she stopped suddenly and knocked.

"Come in!" cried a voice.

And before Grace could gather her thoughts about her, she was within a room hung with dark portraits, and lighted by one tall window dim with emblazoned glass—coats-of-arms, scroll-work, and sunflowers painted on it.

Here sat the master, neglectful of his breakfast and reading letters scattered on the table before him.

He looked up and smiled at his boy, and took him from Grace's arms and kissed him.

"What! Not dressed yet, little one?"

"No—nor likely to be," put in Prue in her gruff way. "That London girl is howling all her wits away, and she is going to leave directly."

"I am sorry for it," said Mr. Fitzurse, still caressing his child. "We must find a cheerfuller nursemaid for thee, Alan. You must get one, Prue, at once."

Prue shrugged her shoulders in utter contempt of the order and of man's inability to grapple with household cares.

"It isn't a thing that can be done at once; it will take a week or fort-night."

"Will it?"—and the widowed man began to furrow his brow in perplexity. "Meanwhile the child must certainly be dressed."

"I will dress him," said Grace, in a very soft voice.

"Will you? I am sure I am much obliged."

And somewhat gladly the embarrassed father handed the boy over to the young arms held out for him.

"It is rather a dilemma for me," he said smiling. "Thank you for helping me out of it."

"It isn't much she's doing," said Prue. "If she'd only stay till we get some one, then you might thank her with more reason."

Prue's common-sense, which walked rough-shod upon delicate nerves, caused a sudden silence.

Grace's heart trembled, and her face flushed a burning rose.

Her host colored slightly and his eyelids quivered.

Some instinct told him that this unknown waif, this poor wanderer, to whom he had given a night's shelter, was not what she seemed.

A mysterious charm, a strange power, was in her presence, against which his reason rebelled and yet yielded—sometimes with an ill-grace and anger.

And now, though he felt it impossible to ask her to take upon herself the office Prue suggested, his vexation made him speak coldly.

"You are welcome to stay a few days longer here if you wish it—not—not of course in any capacity except as my guest."

It was absurd to speak thus to a girl to whom the offer was, in fact, a charity; but he could not help it.

Grace felt only that his tone was cold; to her it seemed to speak of the great gulf lying between them—she simple and poor, he gentle and rich.

"Thank you," she said, gathering her coldness about her in that strange dignity she had, "but I have need to go to London at once."

Unconsciously her foreign accent, her foreign idiom spoke in words and voice. Perhaps she had thought in Italian.

"Then are you come to say good-bye?"—and his eyes rested on her for a single instant wistfully.

"Yes," she answered very low.

There was silence for just a pin-prick of time—a silence with the touch of a sting in it.

Then he shook the touch off and spoke more drily than before.

"If you are still bent on London, I have been thinking that I can give you a letter for a lady—a friend of mine—who will help you to gain some employment; and you will permit me to pay your fare to London?"

All the glamor of the past evening vanished for her in those words; they chilled her heart.

The pretty rosy flush that had rested warm upon her cheeks faded suddenly; she was too troubled to answer him.

He waited just a second, and then drew his portfolio nearer and wrote rapidly.

Meanwhile Prue started as if seeking for light, but she kept silent.

"You must deliver the letter yourself to its address," he said, not looking up. Then he took out his purse and drew forth three gold coins, and, laying them on the letter, he stretched across and placed all near Grace's hand.

A sudden tingle ran through her blood; she turned abruptly to the door, leaving his gift on the table.

"Good-bye," she said, steadying her strange quiet voice—"and thank you for kindness yesterday."

Not to-day. Oh, no! She had nothing to thank him for to-day.

She passed through the doorway, and the child leaning on her shoulder pressed his pretty lips against her hot cheek and kissed her.

"Never mind," he said; "me love you very much.

"Now what is there to mind?" thought old Prue, whose dim sense was groping after meanings lost to her. She reasoned that there was nothing; but the child felt, and his kiss brought quick tears as Grace closed the door.

The old woman, with a queer twist on her cranky nose, stood confronting her master as he looked down on his rejected gold and unheeded letter.

At last he smiled, and it was certainly a smile of pleasure.

He was not sorry his help was refused; the pride which would take nothing from him but courtesy brought him a little wintry gleam of joy.

"What is to be done, Prue?" he said, looking gravely into the old house-keeper's twisted face.

By this time the woman had dismissed Grace from her mind as a "pattie" who rejected all good offers, and her cares were all centred again on her household trouble.

It never struck her that the waif so insignificant to her might be holding a place in her master's thoughts.

"How can I tell?" she answered. "The child will be dressed, but who is to mind him afterwards? That girl will go to London; no one can stop her."

"Have you tried to dissuade her?" asked her master, checking a curious eagerness which broke forth in his voice.

"Oh, I've tried; but one might as well preach to a stone! Better give her money and let her go."

"Money! Why you see she will accept nothing from me!"

Prue opened her eyes wide.

"Oh, I was not talking of her, but of the nurse! She's crying herself to death, and she's going by the van in an hour; and what's to be done? I can't mind the child. You shall have made that foreign stop. She would stop a few days, I am certain, if you asked her; and the child likes her."

Thus Prue, in her selfish common-sense, not knowing that she was welding a chain whose first rivet now was but just struck and ready to snap.

"You think she'll stay?" he said, a little eagerly. Then he put his hand upon his chin and mused a moment, while a slight color browned his cheek. "I think she had better not stay Prue. I know nothing about her."

"But I do. Hugh comes from her parish: the little church-town is close by the sea. He has been telling me all about her. She is Mrs. Lanyon's granddaughter—a respectable woman, but hard and close-fisted—and her father was a mountebank foreigner who earned his living by fiddling. He's what they call a 'spirator in his own country, and he's been in ever so many prisons; but she can't help that. Oh, Hugh knows all about her.

"Does he?" said Mr. Fitzurse in his driest tone. "And his account of her satisfies you?"

"Well, you see," returned Prue reflectively, "it is only for a few days till I find a find a new nurse; and meanwhile what is to become of the child?"

"I perceive," he said, "that this young girl would be doing me a great favor if for a few days she took charge of my little one. Yes, Prue, I'll ask her. But can you live at peace with her and keep silent as I ordered? Last night you hated her,"

"People can sleep on their opinions and alter them," said Prue, with a slight smile twitching nose and lips as her glance fell on the rejected gold. "I can see she won't rob you; and, since you set so much on secrecy, she's safe that way too, for she's too simple to ask questions. And, as for keeping orders, do I ever so much as say 'sir'? I'm sure I've learnt to speak as gruff as if you were a common farmer instead ——"

"There—I think you pretty successful in gruffness, Prue. Now go and stop our strange visitor, or she will fly away. You know she said good-bye a minute ago in her quiet fashion—and stole away like a sunbeam vanishing from a man's prison," he added to himself.

"Oh, she's not gone yet!" said Prue confidently. "And I shall put it all on her pity to make her stop; she won't have the heart to leave the poor little forsaken child.

With this Prue departed on her errand, and Mr. Fitzurse gazed, for a time at the closed door, with an air of expectancy for the pretty figure—but vainly; the pure calm face of which he was thinking came no more into his eyes that day.

And yet Grace's pity had not been appealed to in vain.

"I will stay, since Mr. Fitzurse wishes it," she said quietly to Prue.

"As a favor," returned cunning old Prue. "Master particularly said it was a very great favor.

"Yes," said Grace, bending over the child. "But it is a favor for me too. I think you are right, and I shall be glad of a resting-place for a few days before—before I go away for ever."

Yet all the rest of that day she fled before a shadow or a step.

More would have overflowed the cup and brought trouble.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLOWERS.—Who would wish to live without flowers? Where would the poet fly for images of beauty if they were to perish? Are they not the emblems of loveliness and innocence—the living types of all that is pleasing and graceful? We compare young lips to the rose, and the white brow to the lily; the winning eye gathers its glow from the violet; the sweet voice is like a breeze kissing its way through flowers. We hang delicate blossoms on the ringlets of the bride, and strew her path with fragrant bells as she leaves the church. We place them around the face of the dead and they become symbols of our affections. They come upon us in spring like the recollection of a dream, which hovers about us in sleep, peopled with shadowy beauties and purple delights, fancy broidered. Sweet flowers that bring before our eyes scenes of childhood—faces remembered in youth—the mossy bank by the wayside where we so often sat for many hours drinking in the air of the primroses with our eyes—the sheltered glen, darkly green, filled with the perfume of violets, that, in their intense blue, shone like another sky spread on the earth—the laughter of merry voices, the sweet song of the maiden, the downcast eye, the spreading blush, the kiss ashamed at its own sound—are all brought back to memory by a flower.

A Slight Mistake.

BY HENRY FRITH.

MALCOLM, if you'd like to see Miss Hayward, there she is," said Harry Nelson, as he stood at one end of the long veranda fronting the hotel with his friend Tom Malcolm.

The gentleman addressed turnd and looked critically at a tall slender girl with dark hair and large grey eyes who stood in a group near by.

"Well," said Tom, after a few seconds, "she is just about what I judged her to be."

"Which side do you lean to?" asked Harry.

"Every one calls her either very handsome or very ugly.

"What do you say?"

"She is rather fine looking certainly. But with all her wealth she could not attract me. I don't have any fancy for——"

"Hush! She is coming this way," interrupted Harry. "Now, I'll introduce you."

Malcolm would have declined the introduction, but there was not time, so he was obliged to bow and speak a few polite words to her before she passed on.

Several times during the evening he was near her and despite his determination not to like her, found himself studying tha girl who seemed so cool and impassive, so proud and self-contained.

"Bah! she has no more heart than a stone. I'll be none of her worshippers," he thought.

And turning upon his heel he left the parlor.

But enough remained, for Mary Hayward was rich, and if her beauty had not drawn followers, her money would.

Perhaps she knew this, and it may have been that which made her seem so cold to every one.

She met Mr. Malcolm several times every day, and though he was too thorough a gentleman to be otherwise than courteous to a lady, she instinctively felt that he did not like her.

It so happened a week or two later that Malcolm and Harry Nelson were walking through a gallery of paintings which were on exhibition when they paused before a portrait behind several ladies who were already looking at it.

"'A portrait,'" read Harry from the card in the corner of the picture.

"By George, Tom! do you know who that looks like?"

"I believe it resembles that cool Miss Hayward," returned Tom.

"Don't it? Almost enough to be her. By the way, Tom, please finish the remark you were going to make the day I presented you to Miss Hayward. I'd like to hear what you think of her."

"I think her very handsome and very heartless, that's all.

"I was only going to say that I have no fancy for those cold, selfish women who seem to care for nothing but fine robes and their own beauty.

"What is it to her who suffers or needs? Would she lift her dainty hand, or soil her rich dress to help a fellow mortal, think you?"

"Well, I don't know, Tom. You may be too hard on her."

"I think not. I've seen plenty of her style, and I don't know what the Lord ever made such selfish, soulless creatures for?"

"Well, I—hallos, there's Hartley!" Wait, Tom, I want to speak to him."

As Harry moved away the lady in front of him turned slowly and looked Malcolm full in the face.

It was Mary Hayward, and her eyes were full of tears, and her cheeks flushed.

Horrified at what he had said, Malcolm stood speechless for an instant, and before he could move she was gone with her lady friends.

Somehow that look from her eyes went to his heart, and changed his opinion of her.

She had a heart, and he had wounded it.

"Heaven forgive me! What a brute I was," he said to himself a dozen times.

He must ask her pardon, that was plain.

But she directly avoided him all day, and it was near evening when he saw her standing upon the verandah steps alone.

He went to her side instantly, and spoke, face and voice filled with intense earnestness.

"Miss Hayward, may I speak to you?"

She lifted her head, and bowed coldly.

"I don't know what to say, though," he continued, "I don't know how to ask you to excuse my unmanly words this morning.

"I never can forgive myself, but if you wish to punish me most severely, only grant the pardon I feel I do not deserve."

She interrupted him with a swift motion.

"Is it not necessary either to pardon or punish, Mr. Malcolm.

It sometimes does us good to hear——" she gave a low scream, and before he knew what had happened she had rushed into the street.

They had both seen a poorly-clad child of two years or so playing in the middle of the way; Mary's quick eye caught the madly plunging pair of horses which were coming tearing down directly upon the unconscious baby.

One second later, and it must have been crushed by those furious hoofs.

A wonderfully swift spring, and she had caught the child to her breast, and with rare presence of mind had not turned back but flew on across the street, so near death that those rushing hoofs almost grazed her dress as she flew with her burden in her arms.

The passer-by with cries and shouts ran after the flying horses and carriage to stop them, but Malcolm hastened across the street to where Mary stood panting, the child still clasped to her bosom.

As he came up the mother of the babe came running out of a basement door, and took her child, calling down blessings in confused cries upon the lady who had saved it, and invoking all the saints in the calender in her behalf.

As quick as she could get breath, Mary turned to escape from the mother's thanks, and then Malcolm caught her hand and drew it threw his arm and said—

"Come; I will take you back to the hotel."

And his strength and will were so masterful, his motions so swift, that before Mary could resist he had led her across the street, up the steps, and into the entrance-hall.

Without giving a chance for a word he passed the parlors to a small reception-room, glanced in, saw that the room was empty, then took her in, closed the door, and placed her in a chair.

And then he dropped on his knees beside her, still clasping her hand, and said:

"Mary Hayward, I never knelt to a woman before.

"I kneel to you now, and entreat you on my knees to forgive me until I can prove worthy to be your friend."

"I do forgive you. You shall be my friend. But please rise; some one may come in."

He rose instantly.

So did she, but he still had her hand.

"Please let me go to my room. Look how fearfully I have torn my dress," she said, trying to laugh, but feeling very nervous.

"Yes."

It was the only word Tom spoke, but they stood an instant; then some strange magnetism drew their eyes together and held them, looking into each other's souls a moment; then suddenly Tom stooped and kissed Mary full upon her red lips.

Blushing and panting, Mary fled like a frightened deer to her room and left him alone.

This, then, was the cold, proud, selfish woman.

If ever a man hated himself Tom Malcolm did that.

Heaven forgive him, indeed!

This girl had a heart, and he had seen it, warm, tender, true.

The question now was would he ever win it?

This morning he thought he hated her.

To-night it had come to that.

Well, of course you know the end.

Harry Nelson was mystified to know what had become of his friend for the next few weeks, but after awhile he began to guess the secret—for Tom did win Mary.

He never got an explanation though—that is, Harry didn't.

And when he received their wedding cards a few days ago he gave a long whistle and said:

"Whew! Wonder what changed his mind so much. I never would have guessed it when they first met. Guess he found out he had made a Slight Mistake."

ABOUT BLIND MEN.—Three men, two of them blind, were drinking together one night in the room of a public house, and as is too often the result of such convivial meetings, one of the blind men quarreled and came to blows with the man who could see. Here was likely to be a battle not by any means on equal terms. But the other blind man was to the occasion. That the man who could see should have no undue advantage over his less fortunate opponent up jumped the blind friend and turned off the gas, and so they pommeled each other in a harmless way for a time. As a rule, a respectable blind man has no difficulty in getting a seeing wife, and very often with good looks to boot. Blind men, however, do not always marry wives who see. There are many instances in which both husband and wife were blind, have managed to rear families without the occurence of any serious mishap either to themselves or the children. And the cases are rare in which the latter are defective in sight. Only lately the marriage took place of a blind couple somewhat advanced in years, she being his second wife, and he her third blind husband. We will conclude with a courtship, but in this case will not vouch for its truth. A blind man on several occasions met a widow who was not, however, like himself, blind, and latterly concluded that she would make him a good wife. He resolved that he would 'pop the question' without loss of time. Accordingly, one evening found him in the widow's house for that purpose, when his suit was entirely successful. But so elated was he with his success that, on leaving her door, he forgot he was up a flight of stairs. The staircase window being very low, and happening to be open, he felt the air on his heated brow, and at once stepped out without thinking where he was, and so fell into the court below. The widow, hearing the noise, ran down, greatly alarmed, but was fully assured that no bones were broken by his remark: "Maggie, ye has a big step to your door!"

WEEDS.—Cut off the tops of burdocks, and other troublesome weeds, and pour on the crowns a few drops of coal-oil. They immediately commence to decay, and are soon utterly destroyed.

Bric-a-Brac.

A ROMAN.—It was once a glory to boast of being a Roman citizen, but before the termination of the empire, when one wanted to bestow upon his enemy the most contemptuous epithet of degradation, he called him a Roman.

A FADED BEAUTY.—The model for the Goddess of Reason during the Reign of Terror in Paris, then an acknowledged beauty, and surrounded by admiring friends, lately died at the age of 99 years, having supported herself in late years as a ragpicker.

PRIDE OF DRESS.—Diogenes, being at Olympia, saw, at that celebrated festival, some young men of Rhodes arrayed most magnificently. Smiling, he exclaimed, "This is pride." Afterwards, meeting some Lacedemonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "This is also pride."

AGE.—The infirmity of falsifying our age is at least as old as the times of Cicero, who hearing one of his contemporaries attempting to make out that he was ten years younger than he really was, very drily remarked: "Then, at the time you and I were at school together, you were not born."

ARTILLERY.—Archidamus, king of Sparta and son of Agesilaus when he saw a machine invented for the casting of stones and darts, exclaimed that it was the "grave of valor." The same lament was made, according to Froissart, by some knights, on the first application of gunpowder to warlike purposes.

THE PRUNE.—The Prune was imported from Syria, in the time of the Crusades. In many parts of Europe there is a species of Prune which bears the name of Queen Claude, from the wife of Francis I; there is also another species called the Gentleman's Prune, because the brother of Louis XIV. was passionately fond of them.

TRIFLES.—Trifles often more powerfully affect the reader than the most elaborate description. When Louis the Sixteenth was preparing to quit the prison for the guillotine, his valet handed him his hat and great-coat. The unhappy monarch put back the latter with his hand, saying, "No, I shall not want that. Give me my hat."

NATIONAL OATHS.—Germans and English swear by God, the Latin races by the Virgin, Danes by the devil. For the Swede one devil is not enough. "A thousand devils take me," is his usual oath, or if the emergency demand, ten thousand. In moments of great excitement he rises to the occasion and swears, "Ten thousand tons of devils take me."

ANACRONISMS.—Shakspeare's anacronisms are very numerous. The scene of the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" lies at Athens in the time of Theseus; yet we find the mention of guns, French crowns, and French crown-colored beards—of coats in heraldry—new ribands and pumps—marks of Jack and Gill, etc. In the "Comedy of Errors," mention is also made of ducats, marks, and of several modern European kingdoms, and of America—of a striking clock—of Lapland sorcerers—Satan, and even of Adam and Noah. In one place Antipholes calls himself a Christian.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.—China possessed some very patriotic songs at a very ancient date, and when, at a later period (245 B. C.) a usurper won the throne, he was more afraid of the music than of anything else. He thought that, by reminding the people of their good emperors, they would be encouraged to resist him. So he had the ancient books burned, and tried to destroy the works of the great philosopher, Confucius. All the instruments of music were broken up and new ones made, and in every way he tried to root out all the old songs and tunes. Those who tried to conceal anything were punished with death. And yet many people risked their lives in hiding their instruments and books in the walls of houses and in the ground.

BALM OF GILEAD.—It was along the Jordan and about Jericho, the balsam or balm once so highly prized was procured from an aromatic tree, supposed still to be found in this region, and known as Spina Christi, or tree from which the Saviour's crown of thorns was woven. This most precious gum was obtained by making an incision in the bark of the tree; it also oozed from the leaves, and sometimes hung in drops like honey from the branches. The trees which originally was found in Palestine, was transplanted to Egypt by Cleopatra, to whom the groves near Jericho were presented by Mark Antony. The shrub was afterwards taken to Arabia and grown in the neighborhood of Mecca, whence the balsam is now exported to Europe and America, not as balm from Gilead, but balsam of Mecca.

THE GREATEST FORTRESS.—The greatest fortress from a strategical point of view is the famous stronghold of Gibraltar, belonging to Great Britain, situated upon the most southern point of land upon the coasts of south-western Spain. It occupies a rocky peninsula, jutting out into the sea, about three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. One central rock rises to a height of 1,439 feet above the sea level. Its northern face is almost perpendicular, while its east side in full of tremendous precipices. On the south it terminates in what is called Europe Point. The west is less steep than the east, and between its base and the sea is a narrow, almost level span, on which the town of Gibraltar is built. The fortress is considered impregnable to military assault. The regular garrison in time of peace numbers about seven thousand men.

A QUESTION.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCHUYLER.

"What's a sigh, infant?" an old man said,
As he placed his hand on the curly head;
The child glanced up, in mild surprise,
With a question in its laughing eyes:
"Oh, man of learning hast thou never read
'Tis an effort to strengthen life's slender thread?"

"What's a sigh, school-boy?" the sage then asked,
As the little fellow whistling passed:
"Know you not—you, who, once like me,
Thought only of days that are to be?
Have you never felt the rapturous thrill
Of climbing a little higher still?"

"What's a sigh, maiden?" she paused in the dance,
With her winning smile and sparkling glance:
"'Tis the coquette's shield, 'mid the gay throng—
The lover's plea in his plaintive song;
Fate has been kind, for my heart is free;
Neither lovers or sighs ever trouble me."

"What's a sigh, mother?" she leaned o'er her child,
A tear in her eye—the infant smiled,
"'Tis a whispered prayer—a hope—a fear
For the absent one, or the darling near,
And no earthly sound can reach as high
As a mother's prayer—a mother's sigh!"

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

EVERYTHING succeeded as General Hatton wished.

The princely mansion and estate of Brentwood were in the market, and the General's solicitors declared that he could not do better than purchase them.

He did so; the grand old house, with its magnificent grounds, its woods and streams, became his, and he was proud of it.

Brentwood stands in the beautifully-wooded and picturesque county of Warwickshire; the lovely Avon runs near it, great hills crowned with trees stretch out on either side.

Brentwood Hall and Brentwood Park have been famous in picture and song for many generations.

The General was pleased with his new designation—"Sir Arthur Hatton of Brentwood."

Many people wondered if he would marry again; but the general had no such intention.

He knew nothing of house furnishing or decoration; but he gave carte-blanche to Messrs. Carson & Son, the famous upholsterers, the result of which was that he had one of the most magnificently furnished houses in England.

He had a correspondingly heavy bill to pay.

He looked at it, sighed, wondered what his wife would have thought of it, drew a check for it, and forgot it.

When the Hall was ready for occupation, he took up his residence there.

All his papers were sent to him, and, looking over them one day, for the purpose of arranging them, he found his dead sister's letter that had been hidden for so long.

He re-read it with a smothered cry of self-reproach.

He had forgotten it all these years.

He determined to make amends at once.

He loathed the name of Martin Ray.

Amos Hatton had not spared his daughter's husband, and the strength of his hatred had been imparted to his son.

Sir Arthur Hatton had the utmost contempt for one whom in his own mind he always called "the demagogue;" but he felt inclined to love and adopt his sister's children.

It was by no means a difficult matter to find out Martin Ray's address.

The General had been struck at once with the proud delicate beauty of Leah and the promise of fair loveliness in Hettie.

It was not strange, he reflected; for his sister had been beautiful.

He saw at once that there was something wrong between Martin Ray and his eldest child.

Her words puzzled him.

"I have been praying," she said, "for some one to deliver me from this furnace of fire, and Heaven has sent you."

His heart went out to the beautiful trembling girl who had come to him and chosen life with him.

She should be to him—so he swore—as his own daughter, his heiress, the great comfort of his life.

He loved her, and was grateful to her.

Yet he admired Hettie; the memory of her, as she stood with her arms clasped around her father's neck, her exquisite tenderness, her calm decision, were never forgotten by him.

Both girls had noble natures; of that he felt sure.

But, as he drove away from the house with his beautiful niece in his care, he asked himself which had the nobler nature of the two—Leah, whose whole soul had rebelled against the teaching, the belief, the life of her father, who loathed the task he had wished her to perform, who had been thankful to escape, even at the risk of never seeing father or sister again, or Hettie, whose loyal tender heart had clung more closely to the father whom Leah had abandoned.

Which was the nobler of the two he could not decide.

He admired the beautiful proud girl who would sooner sacrifice the love of her life than become what her father wished to make her; he admired her rebellion against what she believed to be mean, false, and unholy.

He admired the faithful love with which the younger girl clung to her father.

He could not tell which he thought the nobler, which he admired the more; but one thing was certain—he loved Leah best.

Leah had chosen him and the life he was ready to offer her; Hettie had refused both; therefore he would always love Leah best.

Still his heart yearned over the girl who had her mother's blue eyes.

"I must be content," he said to himself. "After all, it is fair. I have one child, he has the other. Even Doris herself would scarcely have cared to see him deprived of both."

CHAPTER X.

SIR ARTHUR HATTON and his niece were soon settled in their new magnificent home.

To Leah it seemed as though she must be in the whirl of a dream.

Her own story was to her very much like one of the fairy tales that had delighted her when she was a child.

"I am a real Cinderella," she said to herself, with a smile.

But in no way did she resemble that humble little maiden.

She was proud by instinct and by nature.

She was proud of her mother's name of Hatton, of the good old family from which her mother came, of the blood that ran in her veins from her mother's side.

She was proud of being true to herself, of being loyal to what she believed to be right principles.

The compact made between her uncle and herself had not been broken.

The name of Ray had been given up and she had adopted that of Hatton.

"We will have no false pretences," the General had said. "You are my adopted daughter and heiress, but every one must know that you are my niece. I am in the place of your father; but, while one lives who claims the title, I should not like to usurp it. You are my niece, Leah Hatton; and, as we are discussing the subject for the last time, let me say that, should you ever wish to marry, I will myself tell to your future husband what I think he ought to know of your history. You must not do it yourself."

After that, not another word was spoken between them on the subject

People were not curious.

It was sufficient to know that Leah Hatton was the adopted daughter and heiress of General Sir Arthur Hatton, K.C.B., one of the wealthiest and most famous men in England.

Leah was troubled at first when she saw the magnificence of the home that was to be hers.

She imparted her fears frankly enough to the General, but he smiled at them.

"My dear Leah," he said, "no woman can be more than a lady—can be more than refined, well-bred, graceful and accomplished. You are all these. You will soon be accustomed to the new life; you will adapt yourself to it naturally. If there is any little deficiency in your knowledge of society matters, you will meet it by studying attentively the habits and manners of those about you."

From the first moment she entered his house she was, he told her, entirely mistress of it—there was no appeal against her authority.

Most girls of her age would have been too young for such a position; but Leah was older than her years.

It was a marvellous change for her, from the small gloomy house in a dull street to that grand old mansion where everything bespoke the pride of wealth and luxury.

Some young heads would have been turned by it.

Hers was not.

She fell into the position so naturally that no one would have dreamed that she had ever held any other.

Miss Hatton of Brentwood was quite a different girl from Leah Ray.

Sir Arthur had behaved in the most munificent manner.

He had taken Leah to London.

It was a novelty for him to have the charge of a young and beautiful girl.

"You must have everything perfect, my dear niece," he said, "before you go to Brentwood. The eyes of servants are so quick to notice deficiencies. We must have a wardrobe, a case of jewels, and a lady's maid, before we go home."

Leah purchased just what she would, and Sir Arthur presented her with a superb suite of rubies.

"I have whole boxes of precious stones at Brentwood," he said; "and you must choose from them, Leah. Most of them were spoils, I believe, once in possession of Sir George Bourgoyne. My wife left them all to me."

"That has a magnificent sound, uncle," she returned—"'whole boxes of precious stones.'"

"My dear," he said simply, "it is true. I could not enumerate the treasures that my wife possessed. I do not care about them myself. I dislike the necking of cities, but Sir George did not. My wife had shawls worth any money, jewels of every kind, the finest satins, the rarest lace. She had embroidery and silk, ornaments of gold and of ivory, embroideries of silver and of gold. I have never known what to do with them, but now I give them all to you."

"To me," she exclaimed—"all those treasures to me! Uncle, you must think over it; perhaps you may want them some day. You might marry again."

"Never," replied the General calmly. "I have the greatest respect and veneration for all women; but I shall never marry again."

He was about to add that he had not intended to marry at all, but he stopped himself. "They are all yours," he repeated. "They have not been unpacked even yet; but, when we reach Brentwood, they shall be put in your possession. India was a land of treasure, Leah."

"My life grows more like a fairy tale every day," she said to herself, and from the depths of her heart came a great sigh that she could not share her treasures with Hettie.

Sir Arthur provided his beautiful young niece with a magnificent wardrobe; no marriage trousseau prepared for a princess could have been more elaborate, more costly.

A clever, bright Parisian maid was also found; and Sir Arthur purchased for Leah one of the handsomest hacks in London, engaging at the same time a staid and dapper groom.

When all was ready and provided, they went down together to take possession of Brentwood.

It was a bright beautiful day, and the park looked lovely; the grand old hall, in the dazzling sunlight, was strikingly picturesque.

"Is this Brentwood, uncle?" asked Leah, her face growing pale with emotion as she gazed upon it.

"Yes, my dear; and it is a fitting home for the Hattons. It is mine now; it will be yours when I die."

"Mine!" she exclaimed; and a solemn sense of heavy responsibility came over her.

"Yes, yours, Leah; I have no other relative but you."

"It must be a fairy-tale," she said to herself; but her heart beat fast when her uncle led her into the magnificent abode that was to be her own in the years to come.

Though so grand and stately there was something homelike about Brentwood.

The rooms were all light and lofty, full of sunshine, and from most of them there was an uninterrupted view of the green undulating park; the corridors were long and spacious.

In the whole mansion there was not one gloomy spot: the windows were large, the perfumed breeze from the gardens seemed to sweep through the place.

It was very ancient—rich in grand oak carvings, priceless oak-panelled walls with every kind of pretty nook and corner.

Just where one least expected it was some little room, some flowery corner, some deep bay-window overlooking beautiful scenery, some pretty quiet nook seemingly made for tete-a-tetes.

There was a large picture-gallery and a fine ball-room.

"We shall be happy here, Leah," said the General; "we have everything to make us so."

And she smiled in the fulness of content.

But when she had taken possession of the suite of rooms prepared for her, when the magnificent dresses had been put away in the wardrobes made of cedar-wood, when the superb store of Indian treasures had all been examined, when, she had grown accustomed to the luxury of a lady's-maid and a groom, of horses and carriages, her heart turned with a great and wistful yearning to Hettie.

She had loved her; and that love, checked by the rebellion against her fate, returned with double force now that her fear and dread were gone.

To her proud sensitive mind, it appeared a species of cowardice to leave her sister to a fate she could not bear herself.

Yet Hettie had elected to be so left; she would not come away with her.

The remembrance of that loving sister was the only drawback to her perfect happiness.

She was alone in the cosy morning-room one morning, when Sir Arthur came to seek her, his face full of delight.

"Leah," he cried, "can you guess what strange good fortune has happened to me?"

She looked up at him with the brightest of smiles.

"How can I guess, uncle, when you have already all the good fortune in the world?"

"I have my share of it, Leah; that is quite unlooked-for and unexpected. You have heard me speak of a very dear friend I had many years ago—a young captain in our regiment—Harry Egremont?"

"Yes," replied Leah, who delighted in nothing so much as in listening to her uncle's stories of Indian life. "Yes, I remember the name."

"He was one of the finest fellows in the world," cried the General—"so simple, generous, brave and noble! I have lost sight of him for many years. I hear that he has unexpectedly succeeded to a peerage. I find that he is Duke of Rosedene, and that he lives only seven miles from here. His estate and mine run parallel for miles; and I am so delighted, Leah."

"So am I, for your sake," she said. "What is the place called?"

"Craig," he replied. "Do you remember a picture in the gallery of a grand old gray mansion standing in the midst of a magnificent woodland, with the sunset falling over it? That is Craig. The Duke and Duchess live there about three months in the year; they are generally in town for the season, and during the rest of the year they live at Dene Abbey, a beautiful place in Sussex."

"Then the Duke is married?" said Leah.

"Yes; he married a fashionable beauty, and I hear that she is a very nice woman. I am glad for your sake; she will be such an excellent friend for you. They are at Craig. I shall go over to-morrow, and then you see that all your difficulties will be ended."

On the morrow he carried out his resolve, and received a welcome that made his heart glad.

The Duke of Rosedene was delighted to see him: he overwhelmed him with the warmth of his greeting.

"To think," he cried, "that I should have you for a neighbor! It is the greatest piece of good fortune that could have fallen to my lot."

Sir Arthur asked for the Duchess, who received him with a pleasant gracious manner that charmed him.

To her, in his simple fashion, he opened his heart about his niece; he told her how beautiful she was, and that he had adopted her as his daughter and heiress.

The Duchess was too much a woman of the world to express any surprise; but, remembering his vast wealth, she knew that his heiress would at once become a person of distinction.

"It is my niece," he said, "that I want to interest your Grace in. As my old friend's wife, you will do me a kindness for his sake, I am sure."

"I will do it for your own," responded the Duchess kindly; her heart warmed to the brave soldier who thought so little of himself and so much of others. "I will do all that you wish for your niece," she continued; "and, as a preliminary, I will drive over to see her to-morrow."

And, much delighted, the General took his leave.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Duchess of Rosedene was fastidious even to a fault.

Public opinion was often led by her. If she approved of anything, it was sure to be perfection; if she disapproved, it was generally found that she was right.

To know her was to have the right of *entree* into the most exclusive circles; not to know her was in itself a confession of inferiority.

To be on her visiting-list, to attend her "at homes," to be asked to her balls—the best given in London—were honors for which every belle, every fashionable woman sighed.

She was the only child and wealthy heiress of an earl, and her marriage with the Duke of Rosedene had been dictated by pure affection alone.

They were exceedingly happy; but there was one cause for disappointment—they had no children.

This was the one cloud in their bright sky.

At the Duke's death his estate and titles must pass into strange hands.

It was a grievous trouble to him.

In order to forget it, the Duke flung himself into the whirl of politics and the Duchess into all the gaities of the world.

She was one of the most popular and most highly esteemed women in England.

Her name figured everywhere—in lists of charities, in every work of benevolence.

She was the patroness of innumerable bazaars, fancy fairs, and other fashionable methods of doing good.

To be chaperoned by the Duchess of Rosedene was a guarantee of success.

But she was fastidious, and not easily pleased.

She had given a promise, charmed by the simple earnestness of the General; but she wondered if she had done a wise thing.

With an anxious face she went to her husband.

"The Hattons are a good family, are they not?" she asked.

"One of the oldest and best in England," replied the Duke. "Greatly fallen off, I believe; but one may still be proud of knowing them."

"I wish," said the Duchess, "that I had seen the girl before I made the promise."

"I am quite sure you need not fear," said the Duke.

"If she is like the rest of the Hattons, she will be all right."

But the Duchess declared that she was a little nervous.

"I would do anything," she said, "for your friend; I like him immensely.

"But I have promised so much for the girl—to chaperon her, to present her; and, if she should not be just what I like, it will be awkward."

The Duke assured her that she might rest content.

The next day she went over to Brentwood.

Any fear she might have had was dissipated by the sight of the face and figure of Leah.

Her manner was simply perfection.

She showed no over-delight, yet she was most attentive and polite to the Duchess.

She allowed her to see that she felt her visit to be a great honor, yet that, while she acknowledged it, she was in no way unduly elated over it.

The Duchess was charmed with her.

She though Leah one of the most beautiful and graceful girls she had ever seen.

She was struck by her face.

There was more than mere beauty; passion, poetry, and eloquence were in it.

She marvelled at Leah's grace, her good breeding, her accomplishments, and her refined education.

She felt there was none more fair, graceful, or better fitted to take a higher position in society.

"I shall be proud of her," thought the Duchess; "it will be difficult to surpass her."

It was not often that her Grace of Rosedene deigned to chaperon any young lady: but when she did it was done effectually.

She watched Leah with keen eyes.

Every gesture, every pose, every word pleased her.

"She should marry well," thought the Duchess.

"There will not be another face like hers next season."

"Yet, beautiful as it was, there was something in its expression which the Duchess did not quite understand—the dawn of restless passion, the longing that could never be gratified, the story that never could be told.

"She is not like other girls," thought her Grace; "what satisfies them will never content her. There is something like a longing for the infinite in those dark eyes of hers."

And in that moment, seated in Sir Arthur's luxurious drawing-room, surrounded by everything most costly and lovely, looking into the fair proud face of Leah Hatton, there came to the Duchess a foreboding that made her grow faint and pale with fear.

They were delighted with each other.

The Duchess pressed Leah to go over to Craig on the following day.

"I am sorry," she remarked, "that we are not remaining longer in the neighborhood; but, go where we will, you must remember our compact.

"We are to be friends always.

"Do not forget that I am to be your 'social godmother,' and that next season I am to present you. I predict for you a grand success."

The Duchess added how delighted she would be if, in the winter months, Leah could join them in a trip she and her husband intended taking to Rome.

That same evening the Duke, entering his wife's boudoir, found her standing by the window, looking thoughtfully out on the tall spreading trees.

She did not see or hear him, and started violently when he laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"What are you thinking about, Muriel?" he asked. "I do not often find you meditating."

She looked up at him gravely.

"I am thinking," she said, "about Leah Hatton's eyes."

"What is the matter with them?" he asked, laughing.

"I saw nothing wrong."

"There is nothing wrong," replied the Duchess.

"They are the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen.

"Do you remember that superb heart's-ease of which Hawkins the gardener was so proud?

"It was not black, but rather a rich dark purple with a gleam of gold in it.

"Her eyes are just such a color.

"I thought of the heart's-ease the moment I saw them.

"Yet it was not the color, rare and perfect though it be, that struck me the most; it was the expression.

"I am quite sure, Harry, that she will have no common fate."

"My dear Muriel," said the Duke, "you are surely not growing romantic?"

"No, I am not; but there is something in the expression of the girl's eyes—a passionate longing; I wonder for what—whether for happiness, for wealth, for honors, or for love?"

"Do you not class happiness and love together?" asked the Duke.

"Not in her case, I'm sure!" cried the Duchess.

"If ever that girl loves, it will be with her whole heart; and you know my belief on that point—any woman who loves with her whole heart suffers the direct pain with the most exquisite bliss.

"To be really comfortable in this life, there must be no grand passions."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the Duke.

"For steady wear in the long run, ours was the best kind of love, Muriel."

"I am sure of it," she answered.

"A grand passion would have killed me."

"Yet you love me with all your heart, Muriel?"

"With all my heart," she replied.

"There are women and women, loves and loves.

"That girl, depend upon it, Harry, has a power of loving to which, I am thankful to say, most women are strangers."

"Yet her face is not at all expressive of tenderness," said the Duke; "it tells rather of pride."

"It is proud, but there is concentration in it.

"She will love but few; and those few she will love well.

"I feel as though I had been looking at the picture of some beautiful queen of tragedy, some heroine of a grand poem: I cannot shake off the impression that her face has made upon me.

"But she is coming over to-morrow, and then I can study her at my ease.

The Duke smiled to himself; it was some time since he had seen his stately wife so deeply impressed.

"Was her mother a lady?" asked the Duchess suddenly.

"Yes; her mother was Sir Arthur's sister.

"She married, I believe, beneath her."

"Then why is she called Hatton?" asked her Grace.

"Because Sir Arthur has adopted her.

"It is perfectly natural that she should take his name."

And the Duchess never gave the subject a second thought.

Sir Arthur had been equally pleased.

He had watched the Duchess's face when she first saw Leah, and noted the flash of delighted admiration.

"Your niece is most charming," she had said to him in her gracious way. "Bring her over to Craig to-morrow."

He congratulated Leah; and she smiled with wondering eyes.

"It must be a fairy tale, uncle," she said. "A few weeks since, Het——"

She stopped abruptly, for she was on the point of pronouncing the name she had promised never to mention.

The very effort to check herself blanched her face and lips.

The General appeared not to notice it.

"But a few weeks since," she said, "I had but one pair of gloves—and they were so mended and darned that I was ashamed to wear them—and not five shillings of my own in the wide world.

"Now I am mistress of Brentwood, your adopted child and heiress; I have a fortune in the treasures you have given me; a Duchess takes me by the hand and asks me to be her friend; I am promised all that this world can give me—the loveliest, brightest, happiest life.

"Now is it not like a fairy-tale?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, looking at her pretty face.

He wondered if, in the dawn of that rich passionate loveliness, there was the beginning of sorrow or of joy.

In the course of a few weeks, Leah was quite at home amidst the luxury and magnificence of Brentwood.

As time passed on, the memories of the old painful life grew weak; the love of her fair young sister was the strongest passion that remained.

She thought of her father with a dread that was strangely mingled with regret and love; but she thought of him as little as possible; her heart and her reason were at war with each other over him.

She was grateful for her escape from what she termed "a furnace of fire."

She was warmly welcomed at Craig; the Duchess even grew attached to her; and when, after a gay autumn and innumerable shooting-parties, the time for the projected tour to Rome came, she invited Leah to accompany her.

At first the General was inclined to refuse.

He had just learned, he said, that he could not live without her, and it was cruel to take her away.

But when the Duchess showed him all the advantages to be gained he yielded at once.

"You have asked me to complete your niece's education," she said; "in no way can it be done better than by taking her abroad.

"A few weeks with me in Paris and in Rome will change her altogether; she will be a different girl."

He fixed his eyes lovingly on Leah.

"Do you think it well to change her?" he asked slowly. "She seems to me perfect."

"If you intend to make her a woman of the world, she must change in some respects," said the Duchess, a little impatiently.

"Leave her to me, Sir Arthur; I will promise that you shall be satisfied with the result."

And after that Sir Arthur offered no further opposition.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Duchess of Rosedene was detained for a considerable time on the Continent by a severe illness of her husband, and in reply to her anxious entreaties the General allowed his beautiful niece to remain with her.

Although his heart yearned for her and his eyes longed once more to behold her, he knew that the care and training which the Duchess could bestow were invaluable, and were such as he could not have found elsewhere.

He was content to wait.

During Leah's absence he purchased a magnificent mansion in Belgravia, to which, in loving memory of his native town, he gave the name of Harbury House.

The decorations were magnificent, the furniture was so elegant and costly, that public attention was drawn to the house, and it soon became known that Sir Arthur had made this purchase for his adopted niece and heiress, who was now in Italy with the Duchess of Rosedene, and who was—so rumor said—as beautiful as a vision.

People looked forward with interest to the time when the brilliant young beauty should be presented and take her place amongst them.

It was a pity, certain spinsters and widows declared, that with vast wealth and so many places to keep up Sir Arthur did not marry himself; his beautiful young niece would would have some one to look after her then.

But the keen blue eyes of General Sir Arthur Hatton were never to look on any woman with love.

The Duke's health having been quite restored, the Duchess had arranged that the traveling-party should return to London at once.

It was then the very end of April, and the season had begun.

A drawing-room had been held, at which some young faces had been seen; but she knew that none could have equalled that of Leah Hatton.

The Duke had a grand old mansion named Park View, close to Hyde Park; while the Duchess had a villa which she preferred to any other resort; it was called the Reach.

It was situated on the Thames, not far from Kew; and nothing delighted her Grace more than to escape from the crowd and spend a few days on the banks of the river.

The Duke and Duchess went direct to Park View.

Sir Arthur was invited to meet them and from their house he was to take Leah home.

He was impatient to see her.

The Duchess had told him she had changed so completely he would hardly recognize her.

He longed to see what change had been effected; to his way of thinking, she could not have grown more beautiful.

He stood in the drawing-room at Park View.

At first he saw only the pictures, the gleam of white statues, the harmonious tints of thick soft carpets, the brightness of innumerable flowers, the groups of sweet violets which perfumed the air; then, standing before him, the handsome stately Duchess, with white jewelled hands held out in greeting to him; then, farther away, near a slender shapely palm, he discerned a figure and face so perfectly beautiful that he looked in amazement.

It was his niece Leah.

The long absence had wonderfully improved her.

He grew pale as he went up to her and kissed her in silence; for his emotion was too great for words.

The Duchess had been right after all.

Nothing but constant association with an accomplished and refined woman of the world could have given such high-bred ease and grace to her.

"My daughter and niece," he said, "you have been away little more than a year, yet there is a difference of many years in you."

"Are you satisfied?" asked the Duchess, some time afterwards, when they found themselves alone.

"I should be ungrateful were I anything else," he replied.

"I can never thank you enough.

"I must confess myself overwhelmed with surprise."

"I do not feel much inclined to let my treasure pass out of my hands," said the Duchess, with a smile.

"If I entrust her to you, you must promise me that she shall not be seen until the day of the Drawing-room.

"I want her to take the gay world by surprise.

"She will make a sensation such as we have not had for some time. Do you not agree with me?"

"With every word," the General replied.

"I feel myself almost awed in the presence of such perfect and peerless loveliness."

"Mind," said the Duchess laughingly—"Leah must make the best match of the season.

"I shall not consider any one under a earl or duke presentable.

"She might have been a princess while we were in Rome, but she would not."

"I am glad of it," he declared. "There are no men like Englishmen.

"I hope she will marry—if she marries at all—some one who will be kind to her and make her happy."

It did not occur to him to add, "some one whom she loves."

Love had never been a necessity of life with the old soldier.

Sir Arthur took his beautiful niece home that evening to Harbury House.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Was She a Flirt.

BY A. P. THATCHER.

CICELY ALLOWAY was standing at one of the drawing-room windows, when Mrs. Allen brought Giles Steyning across the room to introduce him.

Steyning had listened to the most extravagant descriptions of Miss Alloway, and he was conscious of a slight feeling of disappointment, mingled with greater surprise, as, after Mrs. Allen's conventional formula, he bowed before the woman whom he had been warned, unless he wished to add his name to the list of unfortunates who had gone down before Miss Alloway's fascinations only to be put indifferently aside.

It was a cheerless rainy day, and she wore a close-fitting, trailing dress of dark green, with not an atom of bright color about her.

Her figure was good—erect, sinuous, and graceful; but Steyning wondered that the face turned toward him should have been called lovely.

Her hair was dark, almost black, and combed loosely back from a low forehead, and twisted into a careless knot low at the back of her head.

The eyes were too big and weird-looking, with their straight brows and long black lashes, for the thin sallow face with its compressed scarlet lips and sharp chin.

The weary, half-sad expression made her look older than she really was, and that green dress showed such execrable taste.

A blonde, fair skinned and fair-haired, would have been charming in it, or even a brunette, with brilliant coloring and flashing eyes; but this pale, weary, listless creature, who listened indifferent to his common-place remarks, seemed to have chosen the most unbecoming attire possible.

Steyning laughed scornfully in his heart at the idea of this woman being dangerous to any man's peace of mind.

He had been about the world a good deal.

He had a comfortable income, and his life was a fairly pleasant one.

Some years back, in his younger manhood, he had loved a pretty, fair-haired, pure-hearted little maiden, but consumption, that merciless destroyer, had swept her away into eternity, and there was left to Steyning a gentle memory which had thus far kept him from falling a victim to the arts of any matrimonially inclined woman.

Had Alice Lovering lived, it is very likely that he would have wearied of her unvarying sweetness.

As it was, death had invested her memory with a sacredness which exalted her above all other women.

Steyning was very popular in society.

He was fine-looking, well-bred, and generous.

Consequently there was quite a little flutter of anticipation among the feminine portion of the summer guests at Glen House on the day of his arrival.

Miss Alloway alone remained indifferent.

They called her heartless and a flirt; but she was beginning to feel that this fashionable existence of dressing, eating, drinking, dancing, and flirting, contained little beside husks.

Sometimes she hated herself and all the shallow beings about her, the shams and artifices so thinly disguised, the angling, and match-making, and polite scandal-mongering.

She longed to throw aside the womanhood that had brought her so much dissatisfaction and unrest, and be again a little careless, romping girl.

I think few people gave Cicely Alloway credit for the true nobility of her nature.

She was in one of her worst moods on that day of Steyning's arrival, and was hardly civil to him, just noticing that he was rather more than passably attractive in personal appearance, and concluding languidly that he was conceited in proportion.

That evening, however, she came to the ball-room in "all her war-paint and feathers," as Maud Cheney remarked spitefully to her partner, a young military officer, with a pale moustache.

When Steyning saw her she was the centre of a devoted group.

All her pallor and weariness had disappeared.

Her dark hair was waved and puffed, and braided in the most approved fashion about her small head.

The great eyes were full of fire and expression, the dark cheeks glowed a rich carmine, and the red mouth which had been compressed into two straight lines that morning was mobile and smiling now, disclosing occasional gleams of beautifully white and even teeth.

Her dress was of some thin black stuff, shot here and there with golden threads.

A cluster of gleaming red flowers was fastened among the lace upon her bosom, and a spray nestled in the dark masses of her hair.

A subtle perfume of heliotrope clung about her.

Later in the evening Steyning waltzed with her, and when he went up to his room that night, he carried a spray of crushed heliotrope in his hand, and a dream of Cicely Alloway in his heart, a dream that in its passionate strength swept in a few short hours all tender memory of gentle-eyed Alice Lovering into oblivion.

The affair progressed rapidly.

The curious and the envious looked on and made their comments, while Miss Alloway and Steyning walked, and drove, and boated in each other's company.

It was altogether a new experience for Steyning.

Nothing like this intense overwhelming passion had ever come to him before.

Yet he had not the slightest faith in Cicely.

He had heard so much of her careless conquests, of her art, and her cruelty.

He meant by and by to go away; but for a time—a little blissful season—he would drink deeply of this most intoxicating cup.

His secret was his own, he thought.

She should have no opportunity of throwing him over.

He would bid her a light farewell, and go on his way when the summer ended; but alas! for his future happiness.

And Cicely?

For the first time she had met a man who could interest her—who could talk, and talk well, something besides pretty compliments and the fashionable gossip of the day.

Those were happy days.

Life seemed worth the living, after all.

Better and truer than she had thought.

And this was how it ended.

It was a beautiful night early in September.

Steyning and Cicely were walking down the moonlit road, and Steyning spoke of his departure, which was fixed for the morrow.

Pride, passion, and pain were struggling in his heart, and his voice was not quite steady as he said—

"These have been very pleasant days, Cicely."

She smiled tremulously, and her eyes went down before his gaze.

A bliss that was almost pain took possession of her—she was so sure of this man's love, and it seemed so great a treasure to her.

But as he spoke no more she looked up, half timidly, to see his handsome lips curling in a scornfully bitter smile and something very like hatred in his dark eyes.

She started and paled like one who has received a mortal hurt, but rallied instantly.

Her worldly training did her good service now, and she said in the clearest of voices—

"Yes, all days are pleasant at this pleasant place."

"And one man is as good as another to amuse one's self with," added Steyning hoarsely as he strode along beside her.

She did not answer.

The faintest possible expression of scorn swept over Cicely's face as she replied calmly—

"From which I am to infer that Mr. Steyning is an honorable man, and Cicely Alloway——"

"A coquette," interrupted Steyning hotly; "a flirt, who considers all men her legitimate prey; whose memory will crowd every good and pleasant thing from the heart of the man who loves her, and leave only the bitterness of death there."

He had halted before her, and his hands pressed heavily upon her sloping shoulders.

She raised a silent but eloquent look to his face.

Her eyes were brimming with tears.

"Mercy, Cicely!" he cried, framing her face in his strong warm hands, and holding it upturned in the moonlight.

"What is this?

"You do care for me, after all?

"Speak quickly."

"You were so blind, and stupid, and unreasonable, like the generality of your sex," she said laughingly, slipping one slim hand about his neck, and submitting to be nearly crushed in his rapturous embrace, "else you would have known, as I did, that we were just made for each other."

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

SILENCE, man," exclaimed Danton, "or speak respectfully of one who—well, no matter," he added, "I know your coarse nature.

"Still, speak with as little brutality as possible of a lady, your superior, if not mine."

"Oh, that's it, is it," said Jonas. "Well, who'd have thought that Lady Esther had such a champion.

"But, I tell you what it is, Mr. Danton, if you don't let me tell my story my own way, I'm very likely not to tell it at all. So, if you're so squeamish, you're very likely to go without the information you want."

"You are the same coarse, unlicked cub as ever," said Danton, bitterly. "But let it pass.

"I want you; I must pay the price—I understand that.

"I know you, Jonas Bowen; and if I employ you, it is at a price; and I am prepared to pay it. Go on."

"Oh, yes, it is well—very well," said Jonas, with a scornful smile.

"I always like business; and it is well we should understand that there is neither fear nor favor between us.

"But, mark me, Mr. Danton, I will only help you on my own terms, since you choose to treat me in this manner, and so far as it happens to suit my own purposes. Do you understand that, Mr. Danton?"

"Perfectly," said Danton, with an air of cool superiority that the other felt and withered against in vain.

"And now it may be as well for you to tell me your story, and reply to my questions without any more argument and circumlocution.

"You tell me you have seen the lady."

"Yes," said Jonas.

"And with what success?" demanded Danton.

Jonas paused, and then, with a sort of meditative rather than communicative air, he began.

"It is a strange business," said he; "very strange.

"Early days come back to me, and the old hate of a life is renewed in my heart. I hate him!

"I hate Sidney Ashley, as I hate the deadliest reptile that has ever crossed my path.

"And you tell me that you hate him, and that the plans in which you want my help will gratify that hate, though you will not trust me and secure me as your friend by a full confidence.

"Ralph Danton, if that is your name, I tell you that you are wrong.

"You mistake me, and you are injuring your own interests by this false mistrust. But be it so, if you will.

"We know the terms on which we stand, each for himself."

"I doubt whether we can add, 'God for us all,' my suspicious friend," laughed Danton.

"However, I am content; self-interest is the surest bond, and I have small trust in any other.

"But tell me, did you lead her to trust you in any way?

"Did she speak of her early life—her history—herself?"

"Perhaps," replied Jonas; "but she did not authorise me to repeat her story to a stranger."

A fierce glance of Danton's eyes however warned his tormentor that he must not carry his angler-like trifling too far, and Jonas went on in a graver, more business-like tone.

"However, you tell me you are not a stranger to Lady Esther; so I suppose she might not object so strongly to your knowing something of her troubles.

"Nothing like an old friend, they say."

He paused for a moment, but his companion made no remark; he only waited quietly, and with a stern, fixed gaze, for the pleasure of his companion.

"Lady Esther's tale is told in a very few words," resumed Jonas.

"She jilted a lover she didn't like; ran away with a man she was fool enough to care for; and got punished for her pains. Perhaps she deserved it; still he must have been a bit of a scoundrel to treat her as he did, and after she had borne him a child."

His eyes were fixed keenly on Mr. Danton's face, but there was not the slightest change in the stern, grave look.

"Perhaps she deserved it," observed Danton.

"Women seldom tell their story fairly. It is very likely that a woman who would be false to one man might be also treacherous to another."

"I don't think it, I don't think it," said Jonas, gravely.

"I believe her; whatever sins she was guilty of, they were not against him.

"And it looks more like it, since she sent the child away, lest it might come to some mischief from his business.

"Why, she was shut up in a convent, for I don't know how many years, till his death, it seems, set her free a bit."

"Then the child is with her, I suppose?" said Danton, with a shade more eagerness than he had yet shown

"No; that's the rub," said Jonas. "Lady Esther's wild to find the girl; for it seems that she's heiress of I don't know how much property, and a title besides, now that the father's dead.

"But the clue she has got is so poor, that I don't think there's a chance for her, unless you know more about the matter than she does, or I either."

"I?" said Danton, starting; "what should I know of a child brought over from a foreign country, years and years ago?

"Doesn't the mother know who took charge of her?"

"I didn't say it was from a foreign country," said Jonas, significantly.

"No; but you said she was shut up in a convent," observed Danton, a slight crimson spot appearing on his sallow cheek. "But that's no business of yours, Jonas. I am willing to pay for all the information you can obtain, and to help you in the manner you hinted at on our first interview. But it is distinctly understood that I keep my own plans and promises secret.

"You understand? And now—go on. What does she intend?

"What means has she of discovering the child?"

"None, but through the woman who brought her over, a foster-sister of Lady Esther's husband, who seemed to have had a sort of idea that he was to be cheated for his own good and the sake of the family. But this woman has disappeared, and my own idea is that she is dead, and the child left to chance and charity; or the child's dead, and the nurse gone back to Italy—a bad look-out for Lady Esther any way."

"I don't think it," mused Danton; "I don't think it.

"If the child was dead, the nurse would not have ventured to go back to meet the anger of a master and mistress whom she had deceived.

"The other may be; yes, it may be," said Danton, and a shiver ran through his strong frame as he spoke.

"It is cold," he said. "Let us have some fire."

He rang a bell hastily, and ordered coal to be brought, and during the interval before it appeared he sat lost in deep thought. But when the fire burnt cheerfully on the hearth, he seemed to have mastered the momentary agitation, and the tone in which he resumed the conversation had a touch of the commanding sternness in it that so few could resist.

"I think," said he, "we may act on the supposition that the nurse is living, whatever the child's fate may have been; at any rate, there is more hope of tracing a foreign woman, doubtless distinguished by some especial mark, than an infant who will have changed beyond any hope of recognition.

"But what means, what clue does the lady possess?

"When did she last hear of the child?"

"That's the clue," said Jonas, placing in Danton's hand the address furnished by 'Lady Esther'; "sixteen years old and more; and, at present, I can't trace it in the least.

"But money will do wonders, and that's just what Lady Esther hasn't got; and, besides, I have need of some for my own private purposes."

"Do you mean to tell me that she has asked—hoped for your services, without offering you remuneration, or having the means of giving it?" said Danton, looking suspiciously at the man.

"Speak truly, for I have the means of discovering falsehood, if you dared to attempt it."

Jonas half laughed, then moved restlessly on his chair.

"She has not given me a single gold piece," he replied "I can swear it."

"Nor the means of obtaining gold?" said Danton.

"You're the demon himself, I do believe," said Jonas, bursting into a coarse laugh; "there's no getting away from you.

"And, now I think of it, you may save me some trouble in the business; for folks are apt to be suspicious when a pretty bauble like this is in question."

As he spoke, Jonas drew forth from his bosom the small case that the lady had given him on the previous night, and displayed its glittering contents.

Danton took it, nay, snatched it from his hands, and hastily walked to the window to examine the splendid jewel.

His back was turned towards his companion as he did so; but Jonas could see that the hand which held the case shook strangely, and that the head was bowed low and droopingly over the beautiful trinket.

Then he closed it suddenly, and returned to the chair he had left, with no trace of any agitation in his manner save that his fingers closed convulsively on the little case he still held.

"Yes," said he, "they are diamonds, no doubt, and very valuable.

"What do you want me to do with them?"

"Are they sufficient security?" asked Jonas, with a sly twinkle in his grey eyes.

"For what?" said Danton.

"For as much money as I may want for her plans and my own, over and above the sum I am to receive when the matter is finished," was the reply.

Danton did not reply; his thoughts seemed far away from the present scene, much more from such matters formed the subject of his companion's anxiety; but Jonas interpreted his silence rather after his own fashion.

"I'll trouble you for that case back again," said he, "unless you mean to come to my terms.

"The trinket's worth all I want; and if you won't give it, others will."

"Peace, fool!" said Danton, sternly, "peace! The gold shall be yours if you will use it for the right purpose.

"I tell you half my fortune would not be grudged to accomplish the object I have in view, nor to punish treachery, if you venture on such suicidal madness."

"Then you will advance what I need?" said Jonas.

"I will advance all, and more than all that is necessary for the discovery of what this lady wants to know—fifty dollars, nay, double, if you will, shall be yours at once, and more, when you can prove to me that you are on the right track, and expend it wisely."

"I shall want double that," said Jonas. "You forget that I have some private plans of my own to carry out, and they are of a nature that swallows up gold pretty quickly."

"Tell me its nature, and you shall have as much as any harpy can desire," said Danton, calmly; "but I will not supply a man whose energies are devoted to a selfish object rather than to the business for which I find the means, and on which my will is bent.

"You can make your own choice my determination is taken," he added, calmly surveying his companion with the cold, stern air of a man who brooks no trifling and no opposition to his will when once expressed.

Jonas writhed under the inflexible will, but it was of no avail, he had found his master; and he felt it, if he would not confess it.

"Well, if I must," said he. "But you must swear to keep it secret till I have brought my plans to bear.

"Remember, a word would spoil all."

"Fool! do you take me for a woman, or a drivelling idiot?" said Danton, sternly. "I will keep your secret without any idle oaths which will never bind a man if his interest or honor do not."

"Well, the secret is simply one that may deprive Sidney Ashley of fortune and lands," said Jonas, reluctantly.

"It was well known over the county at the time that his father had a near touch of losing both, for his grandfather, old Mr. Francis Ashley—as strange and stern a man as ever lived, had made a will, passing over his sons, with whom he had quarrelled with or without reason, in favor of his only daughter, and devising all his estates to her, and to her daughters after her, if she had any, but passing entirely over the male line.

"It was no secret; for the old man would often savagely boast of the punishment he had inflicted on his sons; and what was more, my mother's father, who was his steward, had witnessed a will for his master, which he understood, from the talk between him and the lawyer, was to that effect.

"Well, the eldest son died, and left no children; the second married, and had one son, Sidney Ashly, who is now the possessor of the estates, and Miss Florence Ashley was supposed to be the heiress of the large lands and wealth of the old ill-grained, detested owner of Ashley Court.

"But, when he died, not a scrap of such a will was to be found, high or low.

"The lawyer confessed that he had once made such a will, and had it in keeping; but declared that Mr. Ashley had on one occasion, shortly before his death, desired him to send it to him, which he had done by a clerk, who had since then emigrated to Australia.

"And thus, whether the will in question had been destroyed or lost, or what knowledge the clerk in question had of the document, remained a problem, and Sidney Ashley's father succeeded to the wide domains, which soon after descended to his son.

"But, hark ye, Mr. Danton, that right was never proved; and there is one man who will move every power on earth to wrest from Sidney Ashley the enjoyment of his usurped wealth."

"And you are that man, I presume?" said Danton, with a slight intonation of scornful disbelief.

"I am," replied Jonas, emphatically.

"And what interest have you in the matter?

"What has Sidney Ashley done to you, or what advantage can you possibly drive from his ruin?" asked Danton, abruptly.

"Did I not tell you that he is a hated enemy; that it was he who drove me from my native land, stole from me the girl I loved, and turned all that was good and promising in me to bitterness, and hate, and recklessness!" said Jonas.

"I was but a youth, no more was he, when these things occurred; but I swore revenge then, and now my hour is come.

"That will is not destroyed, and it needs but some of the gold that you are so chary of to prove its existence; nay, more, there is still a tenderer point on which he may be touched, which he shall be wounded in, to the very heart.

"It is that community of hate that binds us together, Mr. Danton.

"I know not why you, too, detest the proud owner of Ashley Court, nor why you resort to the plans you are secretly working out; but it is enough for me that they are tending to his ruin, and that you are able and willing to aid me in accomplishing the one purpose of my life."

Danton listened with quiet, motionless attention to the hoarse words that seemed to come from the man's heaving chest.

"Jonas Bowen," he said, holding out his hand with an unusual smile, "I will trust you; you are linked with me in one common purpose, one common hate; and we are for the time equals, albeit widely divided by birth and nature. Listen, and I will explain secrets that are known to no human being but myself; and then our course, our plans must be for the time identical to secure the benefit of both.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON that memorable night, after meeting Sidney Ashley, Barbara Graham went to her chamber with a heart that felt as if years had passed over her since she had left it.

One brief evening had worked in her the change of months, nay years, of ordinary routine life in quiet, ordinary natures.

During the rapidly fleeting hours of that one gala fete, what discoveries had been made to the orphan girl!

She had learned to a certain extent her own powers, and the estimation put on them by others.

She had seen that the supposed deficiencies of nature had not been so hopeless as she had been led to imagine; that her external appearance could attract; that her powers of mind, her genius could chain a fluttering, giddy crowd in rapt delight; and, more precious still, win the admiration and excite the surprise of those whose opinion was of the greatest value to her.

But with the discovery of strength came the far more overpowering sense of weakness—of contemptible, dangerous weakness.

Yes, poor Barbara bowed her head on her hands and wept bitter tears of hopeless sorrow and conscious degradation at the humiliating discovery she had made.

She found, when too late, that gratitude, congeniality, and sympathy had given place to a more abiding and deeper feeling in her young heart.

The very idea was madness; still it was the indisputable truth that she loved Ernest with all the ardor of her nature, and the warmth and tenderness of a youthful and grateful love.

She had never suspected it till that evening; never known the pain it would give her to see him bestow any proofs of regard and affection on another.

The blow had been given when least looked for; given at the very moment when Barbara was tasting the sweet first draught of admiration, congenial society, and dawning love; and at that very moment she felt the first and bitterest agony of a maiden's heart.

She had been familiar with sorrow from her infancy; with humiliation and neglect and separation from those she loved, with all the hard lot of a despised and neglected dependent; but it seemed to her that she had never really known misery till now.

And the knowledge and the grief had come to her in this wise:

The supper was nearly over; the ladies had congregated in the suite of rooms, now comparatively thin and empty, while the gentlemen concluded their repast, and Barbara, though not daring to retire altogether without orders from her patroness, had shrunk into a corner, with a return of the old shy, desolate feeling which had previously left her.

Kate Holder had marked the orphan's absence from the groups of laughing girls who were in the dancing-room, and looked round for her with a desire to gratify the curiosity that she had excited, but it was some some minutes before she saw her standing in the farthest corner of the room, half hidden in the shrubs of the adjoining conservatory, the windows of which admitted the bright rays of the moon.

"Pardon me introducing myself," said Kate, kindly approaching her, "but I was talking to Sir Ernest Forbes so much about you, that I feel almost to know you already. Besides, you are so very like a relation of mine—or rather her picture—that I begin to fancy you must be connected with me in some way. Will you forgive my rudeness?"

"You are very kind," said Barbara, shyly; "but I am in a very different position, perhaps, from what you suppose. I am only——"

"Never mind who you are," said Kate. "I know what you are, and that in my opinion is far more to the purpose. But I must tell you who I am. I am Kate Holder—a sort of relation of that magnificent-looking, awe-inspiring Mr. Ashley, who seems a friend of yours. Is that introduction enough?"

"Then you are related to Lady Joddrell,

Mr. Ashley's sister?" said Barbara, her thoughts at once flying to Lillian.

"Decidedly," was the reply; "at least, it seems rather a point of logic, as they are brother and sister. But they are so different, one could scarcely think it possible."

"And Miss Joddrell," said Barbara; "you know her?"

"Oh yes, of course," replied Kate. "Do you?"

"Yes, and she is very beautiful," said Barbara.

"But I don't think much of her," said Kate, "though Philip seems desperately in love with her; and Lady Joddrell is quite willing, of course. However, I've little faith or sympathy with those arranged affairs. I don't think they ever turn out happily."

Barbara dared not reply, lest she might betray some deeper interest in Lily than she dared to confess.

"I suppose Pauline's marriage will take place soon?" continued Kate, looking at the lovely figure of their hostess.

"Pauline's—Miss Forbes!" repeated Barbara.

"Oh, yes, did you not know it?" said Kate. "I thought, as Sir Ernest told me you were her constant companion, you would know far more than I did about it. I heard Mrs. Forbes telling mamma, just before supper, that she expected it would take place this year. 'Sir Ernest wishes it so much,' she said, 'though Pauline was almost too young.' But, of course, you know all about it, only you think it right to be silent."

"You mistake my position," said Barbara, recovering her self-possession from the mere force of pride that so strangely possessed her; "I am not the friend or equal, only the humble companion of Miss Forbes."

"There is nothing very humble in that look and tone," said Kate, laughingly; "as to anything else, I expect it is Pauline who would be really honored by your friendship. But see, the gentlemen are coming up, and we shall soon be interrupted. Promise me, however, that you will consider me as a friend, Miss Graham. "I shall ask mamma to invite you to our house. There she is, that kind, gentle-looking lady, sitting by herself, looking with such loving eyes on her giddy daughter. Come, let me introduce you."

Kate would take no denial; but drew Barbara half reluctantly towards the spot where Mrs. Holder sat, and introduced her after her own peculiar fashion.

"Mamma," said she, "I have brought you a new acquaintance, but I suspect she must be really an old friend. Is she not like that picture I am so fond of? I want you to stand sponsor for me, and tell her I am not so giddy as I seem, and that she may trust me so far as to come and see us, and see what I am like before she accepts my advances."

Mrs. Holder's kind face was turned inquiringly on Barbara, as her gay daughter rattled on, and the earnest expression of her soft eyes seemed to express some stronger interest than mere kindness for the young orphan.

"Kate will frighten you, Miss Graham," she said kindly; "but I will take on myself the responsibility of assuring you that she is true-hearted, however giddy and outspoken, and I will gladly endorse her invitation to you to come and see her. I am sure, if I may trust my knowledge of physiognomy, she will be benefited by your acquaintance."

"Then you do see the likeness, mamma?" exclaimed Kate, eagerly.

Mrs. Holder smiled a rather sad assent, and at that moment a gentleman came up to ask Kate for the next waltz, which left the orphan alone with her new friend.

"I think I have seen you walking in the gardens with Miss Forbes," she said kindly. "Have you been long in the family, my dear?"

"Only a few months," replied Barbara, and then the old pride of her nature burst out, and she said, with the humility that she could assume at pleasure. "Perhaps you do not know that I am a mere dependent, a penniless, obscure orphan, who has been educated by charity, and that I am now entirely dependent on my own exertion for support. I feel I ought to tell you this before accepting such kindness from you."

"My child, you cannot think so ill of me," said the gentle woman, taking her hand. "The circumstances of which you speak constitute the strongest claim on the regard and sympathy of every mother. Remember, if your position is affected by Miss Forbes's marriage, it will perhaps be in my power to assist you to some safe, if not equally comfortable position."

"How have I deserved such kindness from a stranger?" said Barbara, timidly, and looking gratefully in her face.

"You are not quite a stranger," replied the lady. "I have heard of you more than once from friends of yours; and Kate is right in saying that your face is a passport to my heart. But I am keeping you from dancing, my dear. I see more than one pair of eyes directed this way."

Barbara's eyes had been kept fixed on the ground, but she had felt rather than seen Sir Ernest Forbes had been watching her for some minutes, as if waiting for an opportunity to approach her.

Was he going to ask her again to dance, in spite of his declared betrothal to his cousin, with whom he had but once had an opportunity of dancing during the evening?

Barbara's heart beat quickly with mingled fear and hope, for she felt in no state to converse with the indifference and self-possession she desired with her benefactor; and yet it was an involuntary consolation to receive such attention and homage from him.

But the next instant both fears and hopes were dispelled—Ernest's eyes turned on Pauline's graceful form coming towards the spot where he stood, his face brightened into an answering smile to hers; and then Barbara saw him take her hand, draw it within his own, and lead her to the top of the quadrille then forming.

"A handsome couple they are, certainly," said Mrs. Holder; "but I am by no means sure that Pauline would not be better for a little more sobering before they are married; she has been so petted and spoiled by her parents, that she will need a firm and judicious hand to bring her into training."

There was silence for a minute, then Mrs. Holder again spoke.

"My dear Miss Graham," said she, "pardon me if I am impertinent, but before that moustached cavalier runs away with you, I would beg of you to give me an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with you. As a mother, I feel deeply for the motherless, and you will gratify me by taking me at my word if any opportunity offers for testing my sincerity."

Barbara's eyes, and the pressure of the hand laid on hers, were her only reply.

She could not trust herself to speak, and the next moment a dashing-looking officer, a comrade of Captain Paget's, came up to request her hand for the quadrille just commencing.

Barbara complied, but the rest of the night was vague and dreamlike for her.

She moved and answered mechanically when addressed; and a close observer would hardly have recognized the cheerful, graceful girl of the earlier part of the evening, in the spiritless, languid Barbara, who stole at last, wearied and heart-sick from the scene.

Susan had found time to divest Barbara of her gay toilette between her duties to her young lady; but she attributed Barbara's pale and absent looks to over fatigue; and only rallied her on her insensibility to the pleasures and triumphs of the evening.

"I saw you dancing with the best of them, Miss Graham," she said. "My mistress gave the upper servants leave to look from the conservatory on what went on; and I'm sure no one looked more happy than you did. And as to the music, your voice would carry the day anywhere; to Sir Ernest's idea it beats Miss Pauline's, or I'm very much mistaken."

Barbara smiled languidly, a cold, sad smile; but she exerted herself to reply playfully to Susan's gossip; and at last managed to dismiss her, and enjoy the luxury of solitude.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Lucky Heiress.

BY ANNABEL GRAY.

"FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! do you say, Mr. Horsford?"

"Fifty thousand yearly, Miss Saltoun, and the two establishments—the town and country houses, which your late uncle kept up," was the lawyer's quiet reply. "He was killed by a fall from a restless horse one day last week. As you are his sole surviving relative, and he has left no will, you will enter into the possession of your fortune immediately after a few legal formalities have been complied with."

Beatrix Saltoun's fair face was very grave and business-like as she listened to the statements of the lawyer.

He had known the dead man well; he had also known Beatrix's father—the bright, versatile genius, who, on his death-bed, had striven to interest his brother in the daughter he was leaving to the tender mercy of the world, and striven in vain.

"He would not have left the poor child one penny if he had lived to make a will," he observed to Beatrix's employers, as he bade them good-night after his interview with the heiress (their "governess" no longer) was at an end.

"What a hard-hearted creature," cried bright little Mrs. Hudson, when the lawyer had gone. "Rolling in wealth all these years, and refusing help to her; and how brave she has been! I'm so glad, Tom, dear, that we met her at Newport last summer. If she had stayed slaving after Mrs. Mason's horrible children, she would have been ready for her grave now."

"And having had your two cherubs in charge, Kitty, she is ready—for what?" asked her husband.

"Well, Tom, they are dear good children, and she is very fond of them. Ready for what? Why to go into 'society,' I hope, under my care, and meet Harold Campbell again and marry him. I know he admired her there at Newport, but he had only his art, and she nothing. But it will all come right now with my help, you'll see."

"Is she engaged? Was she not engaged to him at that time at Newport, this summer?" asked a deep rich voice, from the other side of the room.

A tall, fine-looking man of thirty laid aside his newspaper, and leaned forward in his easy-chair, with his dark eyes fixed expectantly upon his sister-in-law's pretty face.

"Bless me, Arthur, what a start you gave me! I had quite forgotten that you were there. Engaged to Harold Campbell? Oh, no."

"Are you sure, Kitty?"

"Quite," said the little lady, exchanging a meaning glance with her husband. "But I must go and congratulate Beatrix.

In the library she found the heiress walking up and down.

The chandelier cast a rosy flood of light on her graceful figure.

Her cheeks were flushed; her eyes shone like two stars.

"My good little governess no more, but my tender friend always, I hope," said Mrs. Hudson, taking her hand, and kissing her affectionately.

"Always, always!" was the almost hysterical reply. "You have been so good and kind, that I have never felt the sting of my position here. Do you know, I was just reckoning up my wealth, looking at all the luxury around me in this house, and planning the decoration of my own. But it was cold comfort after all. I am much happier since you came. The largest fortune on earth could not content me unless love was given to me with it."

"Love will come now," said Mrs. Hudson, covertly watching her. "Plenty of suitors now."

"For my fortune—yes," said Beatrix bitterly.

"But some—at least, one or two—may love you, Beatrix. I think I know one who loved you truly when you were Mrs. Mason's governess at Newport, and who loves you still."

"At Newport!" exclaimed Beatrix, turning red and then pale.

"The artist, Mr. Campbell. Am I right, Beatrix.

"Possibly. I don't know."

Mrs. Hudson smiled wickedly to herself.

The library-door opened.

Her brother entered softly, saw her, and stopped short.

She glided past him with an encouraging nod and smile.

He closed the door behind her.

Beatrix stood still at the fireplace, leaning her hand on the velvet border, and listening to the soft roaring of the wood fire, that flamed half way up the chimney.

She had heard the door close.

She thought herself alone.

After a time, she drew a small oval case of red morocco—an old-fashioned miniature-case—from its concealment.

She opened the case.

It held no miniature.

Only a spray of gorgeously-tinted autumn leaves, tied by a silver cord and tassel, and fastened to a visiting-card, which bore the name of "Arthur Hudson."

"Fool that I have been to treasure this so long," she thought, gazing on it dimly through the mist of her gathering tears. "Then I thought that he loved me—I had not been undeceived. At least Harold Campbell stood my friend in that matter. If he had not assured me that Mr. Hudson would marry Ellen Vincent before this year ends, I should have gone on loving him to the last. But it was true.

"He left me there at Newport, without one word of explanation. And since I have been in this house he has treated me only as his sister's governess.

"He did not even congratulate me when Mr. Horsford brought the news to-night. Well, my wealth will enable me to go away, to travel, to forget him. Oh, I hope it will," she moaned, pressing the maple spray to her lips for the last time.

With averted face, she held it out over the blaze.

The case was taken gently but firmly from her hand.

She started, and looked round—into Arthur Hudson's face.

Blushing hotly all over her face, she uttered a distressed exclamation, and snatched at the red morocco case.

But he held it aside, and caught her uplifted hands in his.

"Wait one moment before you leave me. It is best," he said, in the old voice, so full of tenderness—the voice that she had never heard before since the Newport days were ended. "Just listen an instant, love. I never knew till five minutes ago that Harold Campbell was not to be your husband. He told me at Newport that you were engaged to him, and that as soon as he was sufficiently prosperous you would be his wife."

"Oh, how could he?" exclaimed Beatrix. "He did ask me to marry him, Mr. Hudson. I may say that now."

"And you refused?"

"Certainly, at once."

"Oh, if I only had known that then, Beatrix, how differently our lives might have been!"

"Yes," said Beatrix sadly.

She thought he alluded to his own engagement, which he now regretted.

"He told me of that, too," she continued.

"Of what?"

"About Miss Vincent," stammered Beatrix. "And I hope you will be very happy with her."

"Did that villain tell you such a falsehood? Ellen Vincent! Why, we are the best of friends; but she is to be married to my cousin, Fred Hudson, at Christmas."

"And you? Pardon me, I scarcely know what I am saying," said Beatrix, feeling the room turn round.

"Lean on me, Beatrix. You look pale. I see it all at last. That fellow meant to part us forever, and he nearly succeeded. Never mind, dear. Forgive and forget the past; look to the future. It may be so happy, if you are willing to make it so. If I was a poor man I should be silent now; but with my fortune no one can accuse me of mercenary views; and you know, dear, that I loved you when I gathered this maple spray and gave it to you, at Newport. I love you now ten thousand times better than I did then. Shall we let this serpent's falsehood spoil our lives another day? In another month Christmas will be here. Make it a merry Christmas, a happy Christmas, to me, Beatrix, by marrying me on that day."

Her graceful head drooped low towards his shoulder.

His dark locks mingled with her golden curls, and the memory of the dear days at Newport, when hearts were lost as the maple spray was given, blended with, and sanctified and heightened, the happiness of their betrothal kiss.

Scientific and Useful.

STIFFENING GLUE.—Glue often cracks because of the dryness of the air in which a stove fire is kept. By the addition of a little chloride of calcium to it this tendency will be avoided.

ALMOND OIL FOR THE HAIR.—Take almond oil eight ounces; spermaceti one ounce; otto of lemons half an ounce. Melt the spermaceti in the oil, and, when nearly cold, add the perfume. When quite cold it will crystallise.

HARDENING TIMBER.—Some one who claims to have tried it asserts that boiled linseed oil and charcoal mixed to the consistency of paint, applied to timber to be buried in the earth, will give it almost the durability of stone or iron.

STEEL TOOLS.—Steel tools should never be heated either for forging or tempering, in a fresh fire unless it be charcoal. If coke is not at hand the fire should be allowed to burn until all the gas is burned out of the coal before the steel is introduced.

DISINFECTING VESSELS.—All sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long-retained smells of every kind to the easiest and most perfect manner by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and water.

THE PIP.—This is not a disease in itself, but the result of a feverish cold. A dry, horny scale forms on the end of the tongue, preventing the bird from eating. The bird becomes weak, its feathers grow ruffled, its beaks turns yellow at the base, and, without attention, it dies. The cure is simple. With a sharp knife remove the scale at the end of the tongue, and give two or three grains of black pepper with fresh butter three times a day for a week.

FELONS:—These if allowed to continue, until matter (pus) forms, and the periosteum or bone sheathing is affected, lancing is necessary; but if taken in time, a simple application of Copal Varnish, covering it with a bandage, is highly recommended. If the Varnish becomes dry and unpleasantly hard, a little fresh Varnish may be applied from time to time. When a cure is effected the varnish is easily removed by rubbing into it a little lard and washing with soap and water.

MILK AS PAINT.—Professor Kedzie, of the Agricultural College of Michigan, an expert chemist, recently said that a paint or wash made of skim milk, thoroughly skimmed, and water brine, will render wood uninflammable, and he proved it by experiment. He said this paint, or whitewash, is durable, very cheap, impervious to water, of agreeable color, and, as it will prevent wood from taking fire, urged its use, particularly on roofs, outbuildings, barns, etc.

Farm and Garden.

CREAMERIES.—Creameries are coming, and they are coming to stay. Dairymen should investigate them. Dairywomen should look into this matter and endeavor to get their husbands to help start a creamery. There is good butter in it. There is more and better butter in it. And last, but far from least, the work is all taken out of the farm house.

HORSE-POWER.—The economy in horse-power obtained by using the hardest and smoothest roads is clearly shown. If one horse can just draw a load, on a level, over iron rails, it will take one and two-thirds horses to draw it over asphalt, three and one-third over the best Belgian, five over ordinary Belgian, seven over a good cobblestone, thirteen over a bad cobblestone, twenty over an ordinary earth road and forty over a sandy road.

CHARCOAL.—Charcoal is not a fertilizer. It is almost indestructible, and wholly insoluble in water. It is of great value as a disinfectant and deodorizer, absorbing many times its own bulk of ammoniacal gas, and acts as a storehouse of ammonia and moisture, giving them out as needed by plants. Its mechanical action is to lighten the soil, and it tends to purify it and keep it sweet. Plants take their carbon from the air by their leaves and not from the earth.

THE CHINCH BUG.—The chinch bug is a little less than one-fourth of an inch in length; a little less than half as wide as it is long; rounded on the under side and flat above; of a coal-black color, with white wings, which have a triangular black dot on the outer margins. The mouth is prolonged into a slender, horny, jointed beak, usually turned under the breast when not in use. With this beak it punctures the bark, stems and leaves of plants, and sucks out their juices. Its capacity for injury lies not in its size but in its immense numbers.

POTATOES FROM SPROUTS.—Concerning the raising of potatoes from sprouts an English contemporary has the following: Potato growing has been the object of a curious experiment just completed in England. A pound of early potatoes was taken and allowed to spirt (sprout) freely. From each potatoe a sprout was broken, and potatoes and spirts were then planted in separate rows. Both grew well, and the following is the result of the experiment: From the spirts which weighed, in all, half an ounce, five pounds five ounces of sound potatoes have been obtained, and from the pound of potatoes, five pounds four ounces, showing a slight balance in favor of the spirts. The spirt potatoes were more regular in shape, the earlier in growth.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 29, 1882.

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THE SHARP MAN.

We do not think that the epithet of sharpness would ever be considered as indicative of the most elevated or attractive style of character. It is a term which carries with it the idea of narrowness, of far-sightedness in one direction, and short-sightedness in other directions. A sharp reasoner may be nothing but a logic-chopper, without sentiment, or fancy, or warmth, or anything else that serves to make him human. A public speaker who is nothing more than sharp rarely excites much enthusiasm.

Sharp people may have great success in life without really getting much out of life. To cut into another man's business and get it all away from him by sharp and unscrupulous devices, may bring large returns in money, but it cannot bring much satisfaction of mind.

To make one's self rich by cutting into railroad or any other kind of stocks, and ruining a multitude of confiding and honest stockholders, is a very mean kind of success.

A young man who starts in life with the deliberate intention to make himself a sharp operator, and nothing more, sacrificing everything to this one purpose, may become a millionaire before he dies, and yet die a pauper, so far as incorruptible riches are concerned. The principle of getting the most out of everybody that he can, with the least possible return, is a degrading one and fatal to anything like good citizenship. There is altogether too much sharp practice in the community.

There are people who are known as sharp talkers, and they are of two kinds—one of which embraces those who are bright, incisive, ready, racy, and epigrammatic, and they generally manage to make themselves very agreeable and pleasant. In a company of drones they are a great deal of relief and comfort; occasionally they may say something that is a little peppery and caustic, but, upon the whole, it is an enlivening condiment.

It is true that something more than sharpness is needed to make one a desirable companion; we want a mixture of sweetness with the acid, a large-hearted judgment of character as well as a keen and trenchant discrimination, breadth of vision as well as clearness, and a certain amount of repose to relieve the sharpness.

But there is another class of people who seem to care for nothing but to say sharp things, and they cut right and left without the slightest regard for the feelings of those about them. They will sacrifice anything and anybody, just for the sake of producing an impression by saying something smart and truculent. No belief or opinion, however sacred, is beyond the reach of their sarcasm, and in their mildest moods nothing softer than the oil of vitriol distils from their puckered lips. They may not be capable of doing any great harm, because everybody understands them; their hints, and winks, and innuendoes would be more effective if more sparingly used, and still they are able to spoil all the pleasure of social intercourse whenever they are present. The drops of acid that ever and anon fall from their lips is enough to set everybody's teeth on edge. No one would like to have his food flavored with aquafortis, while a little citric acid may be very pleasant and wholesome; and this shows the difference that exists between the two classes of sharp talkers to which we have alluded. The one gives a lively flavor to conversation; the other destroys its flavor altogether.

SANCTUM CHAT.

VELVETS that are part cotton could heretofore be detected by examining the selvage, where the cotton was always visible; but the English government has hrown the protection of a patent around a new way of hiding the fraud, and helping to pass it off as "all silk." Silk threads are worked into the selvages of the cloth after dyeing, by sewing machines, to produce an effect resembling the selvage of silk velvet.

—

THE Attorney-General of Tennessee has sent a circular letter to the State Attorneys, directing them to proceed against all insurance companies, organizations, corporations and associations known as matrimonial, nuptial, etc., doing business in the State, because these companies are acting in open violation of the law, which requires that they shall be possessed of at least $200,000 of paid-up actual cash capital, $100,000 of the same to be in United States bonds.

—

LONDON West End people rejoice at the prospect of soon seeing the clock of St. James' Palace illuminated. Last October the improvement was authorized by the Queen, and the Prince of Wales expressed a hope that the work would be carried out as soon as possible. It is believed, however, that the best part of a year will have elapsed before the clock and lights are placed in full working order—that is, a year from last October.

—

AVOID people who have no faith in their kind. They are dangerous to deal with. A thorough knowledge of their own bad hearts is at the bottom of their distrust of others. Taking it for granted that everybody with whom they come in contact is bent on taking advantage of them, their object is to spike the enemy's artillery by being the first to overreach. Candor is lost upon them; they consider it refined hypocrisy. Favors they look upon as cunningly-devised lures intended to lead them into a trap, and, while receiving them willingly, chuckle inwardly at the thought that they are old birds and cannot be caught by any such devices. Avoid distrustful people.

—

IN London the gilded youth of the day wear exceedingly tight trousers, well-defined waists, slightly suggestive of corsets, hats with curved brims, very tall collars, very light ties, and a white flower placed very near their estimable chins. Their boots taper at the toes to points so sharp as to defy nature and encourage chiropodists. These details as to the masculine toilet may prove useful to very young men who live far from the madding crowd, and who are not "dressed" by a town tailor.

—

CRUEL as the advice may seem at first sight, it is nevertheless true that the surest way to feel comfortable in very hot weather is to keep busy at something that will induce free perspiration. The lounger on the shore of a bay or lake never seems so cool in the thinnest of clothing as he does when he puts on his blue flannel shirt and spends an hour or two at the oars. Ladies in carriages or on piazzas, fanning themselves vigorously, bestow much pity on men laboring by the roadside, but the laborers are far more comfortable than those who are doing nothing.

—

THE Chinese have long been in the habit of printing "sleeve editions" of the classics to assist candidates at the competitive examinations whose memories are not sufficiently retentive. A similar benevolent idea has lately induced a native merchant at Shanghai to print a diamond edition of one of the largest lexicons in the language, consisting of 106 books. It was necessary to print it in so small a type that the editor announces in his advertisement that he will supply a magnifying glass to each purchaser to enable him to read it.

—

A BREACH of promise case was tried in London the other day, which had its origin in the facilities which suburban garden walls afford to persons disposed to love-making in the spring-time. So long as the defendant remained within the influence of the garden wall, the course of the plaintiff's true love ran with fatal smoothness, but once removed from that hallowed neighborhood his heart grew cold, and his prediction once made upon a New Year's card, that "golden sunshine will be yours at last," seemed like a hollow mockery. An English jury, however, determined to make the prophecy a true one, and gave the girl a verdict of $5,000.

—

A GERMAN satirist has produced the following fable: "There were once four flies, and they were hungry one morning. The first settled upon a sausage and made a meal. But he speedily died of intestinal inflammation, for the sausage was adulterated with aniline. The second fly breakfasted on flour, and forthwith succumbed to contraction of the stomach, owing to an inordinate quantity of alum. The third fly was slaking his thirst with the contents of the milk-jug, when cramps suddenly convulsed him, and he gave up the ghost, a victim to chalk adulteration. Seeing this, the fourth fly, muttering to himself, 'The sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,' alighted upon a moistened sheet of paper exhibiting the inscription, 'Fly Poison.' He drank to his heart's content, growing more vigorous and cheerful at every swallow. Even the fly poison was adulterated.

—

IT may not be generally known to landsmen, but all sailors are aware that, with a strong and steady favoring wind, it is possible for a sailing-vessel to equal the speed of an Atlantic steamship. Mr. Benjamin, in his article on "The Evolution of the American Yacht" in the July *Century*, compares the time made by some sailing-ships twenty or thirty years ago with that of the fastest steamers of to-day. In one of the recent "fastest passages ever made" by the Alaska, her greatest run was 419 miles in twenty-four hours. Before 1850, the ship James Baines, built by Donald McKay, ran 420 miles in twenty-four hours. The ship Red Jacket, built at Rockland, Maine, ran 3,280 miles in seven days, or 325 miles a day for a week. The Flying Cloud, McKay's most celebrated ship, once made 374 knots, or 433 miles, in twenty-four hours and five minutes, equal to 17.17 miles an hour. The difficulty sailing-vessels experience in competing with craft whose motive power is steam lies, not in the ability of the ships, but in the fact that the wind is unsteady.

—

IN the census table just published, showing the world's production of pig-iron and steel, the United States appears second in the list of countries. Great Britain stands first, Germany third, and France fourth. In 1880 we produced only about half as much as Great Britain, but we turned out more Bessemer steel, and but little less of all kinds of steel than is placed to the credit of that country. To give the round figures, the British yield was 7,750,000 tons of iron, 1,044,000 of Bessemer steel, and 1,415,000 of all kinds of steel, while the American production reached 3,845,000 tons of iron, 1,074,000 tons of Bessemer, and 1,247,000 tons of all kinds of steel. The world's production of pig-iron in 1880 is given at 17,688,000 gross tons. Of these amounts the United States produced 22 per cent. of iron and 29 per cent. of steel. These are encouraging figures, and show that the time is not far distant when this country will surpass all others as a producer of iron and steel.

—

As an instance of the selfishness of riches and how its possession freezes the fountains of love and charity, the following extract from a well-known correspondent will show. He writes: How heartless people become who are connected by accident with rich fortune. I was told yesterday that the daughter-in-law of one of the wealthiest men in the world, herself from one of the Southern States, who came to this city hardly possessing her wardrobe, and by unceasing manœuvres captured a millionaire husband, had so far neglected her own brother in her native State, that he wrote a letter to the following effect, which my informant read in the original. It was addressed to one of his old friends, and said:

"DEAR CHARLIE:—Here I am, sick for four months with the typhoid fever, in a miserable, back room of a house in this little town, tortured with heat and with the smell of the sink in the yard, just under my window. I have not had a cent for five years. My family in New York, no doubt, wish that I was dead. For God's sake, get me the most menial of all things to do. Get me anything that I can see the shine of money once again, and come out of this infernal hole."

When the gentleman who told me of this letter read it, he said to the man: "Why don't you endorse it, 'For humanity's sake, if not for the sake of your brother, do listen to this anguished appeal.'" The other gentleman shook his head, and said: "They are too rich to help him."

—

THOSE who think a Prince has an easy time of it should read of a few of his duties: The long summer day hardly dawns when his Royal Highness is hurried into a special train, destination unknown and immaterial to him; he is whirled along sixty-five miles an hour to Birmingham or Liverpool, receives a deputation with an appropriate address at the station, breakfasts with the Mayor, on his way opens a fish-market, lays the foundation for an asylum for decayed gentlewomen, receives a bouquet from the least decayed of the future inmates, hears a second address, unveils a statue, (generally his father's); christens a bell, lunches at Lady Blank's, fifteen miles off; gets back back to town to wing a dozen or so of pigeons at Hurlingham, attend a fancy bazaar, listen to the report of the Commissioners on Sewers, have a cup of tea with the reigning belle of the day, dine at a Prime Minister's, look in at the opera, stop an hour a theatre to hear a screaming farce, go to a ball or two, play high at the Marlborough Club, sup—anywhere—and return to Marlborough House to find it time to start by another express, which he catches by that miraculous interposition of Providence which delays trains when royal passengers are late. Then he has to dress in the train, sleep, perhaps, skim over fresh speeches and fresh addresses, and land himself to inaugurate more work-houses, meeting-houses, music-halls, and then all over again! And through it all H. R. H. keeps up the reputation of perfect ease, good fellowship, and geniality which he has so justly won.

FOREVER.

BY J. H. O'REILLY.

Those we love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love, and love can reach
From Heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach,
Than those by mortals read.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead:
A friend he has whose face will never change,
A dear communion that will not grow changed,
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh thro' weary years:
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears,
She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dear friend,
With face still radiant with the light of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,
Through twenty years of death.

His Choice.

BY A. C. H.

DO you know you are distractingly pretty in a temper?"

"And you are excessively impertinent."

Miss Lynde drew her slim figure to its full height and flashed indignant eyes upon the gentleman opposite.

"And so," said Roger Windom, his manner assuming sudden warmth, "you consider me impertinent because, to my eyes, you are the loveliest woman in the world and therefore I have asked you to marry me, whether my uncle likes it or not?"

The young man was thoroughly in earnest now, and poured out his words without reference to rhetoric or effect.

"It is precisely that to which I object," interrupted Miss Lynde, imperiously.

"Listen to me.

"You come here, where I am employed as governess, ostensibly to visit the lady of the house—in reality to see me.

"You waylay me on the street when I go out to walk; you annoy me, and astonish Mrs. Burdett by asking for a private interview; and then you tell me, with your usual assurance, that you would like to marry me, although your uncle, upon whom you are entirely dependent, has emphatically refused his consent.

"You leave my possible feelings altogether out of your consideration, Mr. Windom.

"You should remember that I have my own dignity to uphold, and that I am not a scheming adventuress trying to thrust myself upon an unwilling family."

Miss Lynde stopped, breathless, although in her excitement her gray eyes still flashed dangerously.

"At least, you have been very plain spoken," said Roger Windom, bitterly, standing as he had listened with his black brows contracted and arms folded upon his breast.

"And now, perhaps, Miss Lynde, you will permit me to answer you.

"I have very little to offer in defence, except that I have been foolish enough to love you from the moment I first saw you smile and heard you speak.

"I have no excuse ready for my reprehensible conduct of waylaying you on the street—none for asking you to accept the devotion of my life.

"Pardon me that in dwelling on my own selfish hopes I have failed to consider the delicacy of your situation.

"But I will not trouble you further, Miss Lynde; I will bid you good day."

"Stay a moment," interrupted the lady, with a detaining gesture.

"Mr. Windom, you have shamed me into an apology for my ungracious words,"—with a smile void of all coquetry in its perfect frankness.

"You do not know what my life has been," she added, gently.

"Even as a child I knew what unhappiness meant, for my poor mother married, even as you have wished me to do, against the wishes of her husband's family.

"In a year he was tired of her—accused her of having spoiled his career; finally, he deserted her.

"Before my mother died she told me her sad story.

"I promised her then that I would never marry as she had done; and, so help me Heaven! I never will!"

The beautiful eyes were full of unshed tears as they were raised to Roger Windom's face, and the girl's voice trembled as she went on.

"I thank you indeed for the honor you have done me; I will even acknowledge that under different circumstances I might have learned to love you.

"But, as it is, it is better we should never meet.

"Do not come here any more—do not see me again, and you will soon forget that such an insignificant person exists as Janet Lynde."

As she ceased speaking, Miss Lynde's pale face was lit up with an April smile, and the hand she had extended in token of farewell was firmly clasped between two larger palms.

"I shall never forget you," said the young man, passionately, his brown eyes looking with a triumphant gladness into hers.

"And I shall love you until the hour of my death.

"This I shall tell my uncle, and if still he persist in refusing his consent, without knowing you, or even so much as hearing your name, then henceforth he and I are strangers.

"For, Janet, what you are not allowed to share, neither will I possess nor enjoy; and so, darling, for a time good-bye."

Before Miss Lynde had quite recovered herself, Roger Windom had kissed the little white hand so closely imprisoned in his own, and was gone.

For a long time she stood as he had left her, with hands hanging helpless at her side and head downcast.

She was not a beautiful woman, scarcely a noticeable one amongst a number, and yet there was something noble in the poise of the proud head, in the resolute curves of lips and chin.

It was a face whose beauty and intelligence grew upon you as you gazed—a face that inspired involuntary confidence and a belief in truth and goodness.

* * * * * *

"Pray, Mrs. Burdett, who is the young lady across the way from us?"

Mr. Samuel Windom was addressing himself to his hostess, a well-preserved matron intent upon being agreeable to her rich guest.

"That is Miss Lynde, my governess, really a superior young person, and the children are quite devoted to her," explained the lady with much graciousness.

Janet, in blue lawn dress and broad-brimmed garden-hat, was seated upon a rustic bench, ostensibly reading, but in reality gazing out over the fair green meadow that stretched before her, while she pondered absently upon the inscrutable ways that had brought Roger Windom's uncle under the same roof with her.

The winter had gone, and summer came again, since she and Roger had parted.

In a despairing letter of farewell she had learned that he had parted from his uncle in anger—had gone out into the wide world to work out his own future, but not without the hope, he added, that some day he should come back to seek and claim her.

Janet's reverie was interrupted by voices close upon her, and, rising hastily in her confusion, Miss Lynde was introduced to Mr. Windom.

The sunlight and blushes met upon her cheek and made her positively beautiful, for the time, as she stood talking to the stately and ceremonious old man who had once held her happiness in his hand, and had refused to give it to her.

Long ago Janet had confessed to herself that Roger Windom's love would have crowned her life with happiness indeed.

For life had been a very colorless affair to Janet until the advent of this handsome and ardent lover, and now that he had gone Miss Lynde had discovered that, after all, she had not been impervious to the influences of an absorbing love.

There was a singular mixture of reverence and repugnance in the girl's mind toward this proud and self-opinionated old man, and Miss Lynde's eyes and lips were very grave as she answered Mr. Windom's questions, and walked beside him down the garden-paths.

Evidently, he was not aware this was the woman who had taken his nephew away from him.

Roger had withheld the name, and the other had not had the curiosity to inquire it.

The fact was sufficient to the inflexible old man.

His nephew wished to form a connection beneath his position in life.

The woman had sufficient shrewdness to see that his consent was necessary to make her marriage to his adopted heir a desirable one.

Mr. Windom congratulated himself on his own astuteness when he absolutely declined this compliance with his hot-headed nephew's impassioned and very impatient demands.

So the two fiery and obstinate natures had met in wordy combat, and both had been worsted, though each had refused to yield.

They had parted in anger, and Mr. Samuel Windom was trying the effect of change and variety in his now lonely life; for unacknowledged to himself, he felt his nephew's defection very keenly, and but for his pride, would have begged him to come back again.

In the meantime, Mr. Windom found himself becoming greatly interested in this serious-eyed Miss Lynde.

Quite unaware, Janet had touched the vulnerable spot in Samuel Windom's nature.

He fancied her a fair resemblance to his dead wife, and she had not dispelled the illusion by the fashionable airs and affections that young ladies generally display.

So Mr. Windom's visit at Mrs. Burdett's elegant country mansion was prolonged from week to week, until that lady confidentially asserted to her husband her belief that Mr. Windom intended marrying their governess; and certainly the lady's theory was not without sufficient basis, for the gentleman's old-fashioned and courtly attentions were impressive enough to even unobservant eyes.

One morning, as Miss Lynde was leaving her room, she was rather startled by Mr. Windom's servant handing her a letter, with that gentleman's compliments.

"Could it be possible that he was really about to propose to her, as Mrs. Burdett had vaguely intimated?" thought Janet, as she broke the seal.

It read:—

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,—

"I have considered for some time whether I should speak to you of this subject that lies very near my heart, or trust it to the more dispassionate medium of a letter. For I desire that you should weigh carefully the proposition I have to make to you. I am an old man without a tie that is not mercenary. The only relative I had living has forsaken me in my old age for some scheming adventuress, who doubtless expected to secure my money too. Will you come to me in his stead, to cheer and brighten the remainder of my days? I have not asked you without due reflection and a thorough study of your character; and to remove you from any sense of future contingencies, I would convey in your name certain bonds and household property, of which we will speak more explicitly if you consent to regard faithfully my proposition. In this event I should also desire to adopt you legally as my daughter—that you should assume my name, with all its privileges, and the assurance, again repeated, that I am acting upon matured reflection and a sincere motive of mutual benefit.

"Truly yours,
"SAMUEL WINDOM."

Miss Lynde felt extremely perplexed as she slowly refolded her letter.

What should she do?

Would she be hurting Roger Windom's interests in accepting his uncle's proposals; or, rather, would she not be rendering him a service in securing him against others who might be more self-interested than she?

Altogether it was irresistible, the thought of reigning in the house where Roger had lived—perhaps to have him come back some day to find her there awaiting him.

A little later, then, and Janet Lynde beheld herself transformed into an important personage, with all the luxurious surroundings and costly accessories that befitted a rich man's daughter.

Mr. Windom, too, was kindness itself in his stately, old-fashioned manner, and yet Janet was not altogether content.

The coming home, to which she had looked forward so hopefully, had not come to pass, and upon the subject of his truant nephew Mr. Samuel Windom spoke never a word.

* * * * * * *

"And so Uncle Samuel, you have brought me back all this way to tell me you have found me a wife?

"But it is out of the question.

"There is only one woman in the world you could induce me to marry, and she will not marry me."

"Wait until you have seen my new daughter," said his uncle, with an indulgent and benign smile.

"It was scarcely worth while to quarrel at our first meeting," though Roger, as he came slowly down-stairs as the dinner-bell sounded.

Then he opened the door, and entered the brilliantly-lighted room.

Standing before the fire, with her back to him, he saw a slender female figure with soft brown hair braided smoothly into a crown upon a well-shaped head, and her trailing silk robe, of pale hue, hanging in statuesque folds about her.

She turned slowly, and brought him face to face with Janet Lynde.

"Janet! you here?" he cried, eagerly, his whole handsome face lighted up with a delighted smile.

"I suppose," slowly, as the smile faded, but with her hand still tightly clasped in his, "that you are married?"

"No, not married," Janet answered.

"At least," he said, drinking in the beauty of her face with hungry eyes,—"at least, you are more prosperous," with a quick glance at her heavily-jewelled hands and the richness of her ivory-tinted gown.

"Yes; I have been greatly blessed," she answered.

"And I suppose that you are here visiting this paragon my uncle raves about? Janet, do you know my uncle sent me a beautiful letter full of the idea mutual forgiveness and reconciliation; and when I arrived, full of penitence, and a sense of my own short-comings, behold, it was to marry me to his new daughter that he wanted me!"

And Roger Windom looked infinitely disgusted at the bare idea.

"It would be a most desirable marriage for you," said Janet, demurely looking down.

"Do not be unkind," said the young man, with a beseeching accent of entreaty.

"For your sake I went willingly into exile.

"Already I have been fortunate enough to lay the foundation of a future independence.

"Once I have gained a secure foothold, promise me, my Janet, that I may come home to claim you for my very own.

"Will you promise, my darling?"

The eager voice had assumed a dangerous tenderness as the words poured forth, but the girl only answered—

"You have forgotten, Mr. Windom, the obstacles that existed still remain, do they not?

"Believe me, the marriage your uncle has planned is in every way suitable, and from the bottom of my heart I hope that you will marry your uncle's choice."

And Janet was evidently in earnest.

"Then I am sorry I must disappoint you both," said the young man, passionately.

"Unfortunately, I was born with a heart—an organ with which, it appears, you have dispensed.

"Oh, Janet!" with a despairing cadence in his tones, "why can you not love? Why are you so lovely and so cold?"

"Roger,"—the voice had grown suddenly sweet and low—"I will confess it now. From the bottom of my heart I do love you.

"Nevertheless," an arch smile breaking over her face, "I am quite convinced that when you have once seen Mr. Windom's adopted daughter, you will change your opinion about marrying her."

And while Roger, with both her hands in his, was trying to convince her of the impossibility of such a result, the door opened, and Mr. Samuel Windom's amazed eyes dwelt upon the pretty picture before him.

"Upon my soul, Roger, you seem to be progressing very well!" said his uncle, as he elevated his eye-glasses.

"And this," said his nephew, triumphantly leading her forward, "is the only woman you can induce me to marry."

And so it was time that Janet should offer an explanation; the result of which was, that in another month's time there was a magnificent wedding in the Windom family, and the bride, so charming in her creamy satin and priceless pearls, was given away by Mr. Samuel Windom.

Reconciliation.

BY HENRY SMITH.

FASTER, faster! your horses creep like snails!—drive for your life!" cried the impatient Morley, as the noble animals he so slandered dashed along the pebbly turnpike-road, while the sparkles flew from their iron-shod hoofs like a flight of fire-flies.

The postillion, with voice and whip, put them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a trail of light, as though its wheels had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front at length enforced a more moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head anxiously towards his companion, a lovely young woman, who pale, silent, and motionless, reclined on his shoulder.

"Ellen, my love," said Morley tenderly, "I fear that this will prove too much for your delicate frame."

There was no reply.

Morley leaned his face nearer to hers, and by the moonbeams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears which had recently streamed from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Morley, "what means this? Ellen, beloved, adored! do you hear me? Will you not speak to me—to Morley—your Morley?" and he gently pressed her in his arms.

The name he uttered, like a charm dissolved the spell that bound her.

A long-drawn sigh, as if struggling from a broken heart, escaped her cold, quivering lips; a fresh mountain of tears burst forth; and, with an hysteric sob, she fell upon the bosom of her lover.

The alarmed but enraptured Morley folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears, when, with a sudden start, she disengaged herself from his embrace, and drawing back, looked wildly and earnestly in his face.

"Morley," she said, in a voice of thrilling tone, "do you love me?"

"Dearest, best Ellen," he replied, "do you, can you doubt it?"

"Do you love me, Morley?" she repeated, with increased earnestness.

"Truly—devotedly—madly!" cried Morley, on his knees. "By the heaven that is shining over us!"

"No more oaths—enough of protestations. Are you willing, by one action at this moment, to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?"

"I am, though it carry with it my destruction!"

"I ask not your destruction—I implore you to prevent mine! Return!"

Morley gazed at her, as if doubting his sense of hearing.

"Return?"

"Return instantly!"

"Ellen, are you serious—are you——"

He might have added, "In your senses?" but she interrupted him.

"I am serious—I am not mad, Morley; nor inconstant nor fickle," she added, reading the expression that was arising on Morley's countenance. "That I love, and in love am incapable of change, do not, Morley, insult me by doubting, even by a look. But, oh, if you love me as you ought, as you have sworn you do, as a man of honor, I implore you to take me back to my father!"

"To your father?" exclaimed Morley, almost unconscious of what he said.

"Ay, to my father—my gray-headed, my doting, my confiding father. Take me to him before his heart is broken by the child he loves. I have been with him," she cried, in wild agony, "even now, as I lay in your arms, spell-bound in my trance, while the carriage rolled on to my perdition. I could not move—I could not speak; but I knew where I was, and whither I was hurrying. Yet even then was I with my father," she said, with a voice and look of supernatural solemnity. "He lay on his death-bed; his eye turned upon me—his fixed and glaring eye; it rested on me as I lay in your arms; he cursed me, and died! His malediction yet rings in my ears; his eye is now upon me. Morley, for the love of Heaven, ere it is too late——"

"Compose yourself, my beloved—my own Ellen."

"Do you still hesitate?" she cried. "Would you still soothe my frantic soul with words? Your Ellen! Short-sighted

man—your Ellen! What shall bind her to a husband who would abandon a father? What dower may transform the renegade daughter into the faithful wife? Morley, listen to me. As you hope for mercy, do not—do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve her soul!"

Morley caught her as she sank at his feet, and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility.

He was confounded—subdued.

The fatigued horses had labored about midway up the acclivity, when Morley called to the postillion.

"Turn your horses' heads," he said; "we shall return."

The steeds seemed to acquire renewed vigor from the alteration in their course, and were preceding at a brisk pace on their return, when Ellen again revived.

"Where am I?—whither am I carried?" she wildly exclaimed.

"To your father, my beloved," whispered Morley.

"To my father, Morley—to my father.

"Can it be?

"But no, I will not doubt; you never deceived me—you cannot.

"Heaven bless you, Morley! Heaven bless you, my brother—my dear brother!"

And with her pure arms around his neck, she imprinted a sister's holy kiss upon his lips, and, dissolved in delicious tears, sank with the confidence of conscious innocence upon his bosom.

The ethereal influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings of the lovers; and never in the wildest moments of passion, not even when he first heard the avowal of love from his heart's selected, had Morley felt so triumphantly happy.

* * * * * *

"Where is he? "Let me see him!

"Is he alive?

"Is he well?" shrieked Ellen, as she rushed into the house of her father.

"For whom do you inquire, madam?" coldly asked the female she addressed, the maiden sister of Ellen's father.

"Aunt—dear aunt, do not speak to me thus.

"I am not what you think me.

"But my father—my father, is he—is he alive—is he well?

"Oh, aunt, have pity on me! I am repentant—I am innocent——"

"In one word, Ellen, are you not married?"

"I am not."

"Heaven be praised! Follow me. Your father's is not well——"

"For the love of Heaven, before it is too late!"

And the distracted girl rushed in the room, and knelt at her father's side.

"Father, do not avert your face; father, I am your own Ellen.

"By the years of love that has passed between us, forgive the folly, the offence, the crime of a moment. By the memory of my mother——"

"Cease!" said the old man endeavoring, through the weakness of age and infirmity, and the workings of agonized feelings, to be firm; "forbear, and answer me—is this gentleman your husband?"

Ellen was about to reply, but Morley stepped forward.

"I am not," said he, "blessed with that lady's hand.

"She has refused it, unless it is given with your sanction; and without that sanction, dearly as I love her, and hopeless as I may be of your consent, I will never hereafter ask it."

"Do you pledge your word to this, young man?"

"My sacred word, as a man of honor. I may have inherited your hate, but I will never deserve it."

"Children, you have subdued me!" said the old man.

"Morley, my daughter is yours!"

Morley seized the old man's hand, he scarcely believed the scene before him to be real.

"My father!" said the weeping Ellen, on her knees, her arms around his neck, her innocent cheek pressed to his.

The good aunt partook of the general joy, and even Ellen's favorite dog seemed to thank her father for his kindness to his dear mistress.

The happy father sat with an arm round his daughter's waist, and, as he pressed her lover's hand, he said—

"Behold, in all this, the blessings that follow the performance of our duties.

"Your father, young gentleman, before you saw the light, had entailed my hate on his offspring.

"I have nourished this bitter feeling even against you, who had never offended me, and whom every one else loved.

"This very day the cherished hostility of years has given way before my desires to secure my daughter's happiness.

"I felt that age was creeping on me; and but the morning of this blessed day I had resolved, over this holy book, to prove my contrition for my sinful harboring of hatred toward my fellow-creatures by uniting you, my children, in marriage.

"The tidings of my daughter's elopement scattered to the wind all my better thoughts, and revived my worst hate in tenfold strength.

"I did not order a pursuit; I did more.

"I felt—at least, I thought so—the approach of my malady to a region where it would soon prove fatal.

"No time was to be lost.

"My will was hastily drawn out, bequeathing my beggared daughter but her father's curse.

"It would have been signed this night, for over this book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon her father."

"Oh, my father!" interrupted Ellen, to whom the horrible image of her trance returned; "in pity, my dear father——"

"Bless you, for ever bless you, my ever excellent Ellen!

"Your filial obedience has prolonged your father's life."

A Dead Heart.

BY A. C. H.

EVERYBODY wondered when Robert Egerton married his wife.

He was plain, and quiet, but honest and good as gold, and he worshipped Marguerite as a devotee does his saint.

But all the same people wondered how in the world such a plain unassuming man had won such a gloriously beautiful creature as she, while equal astonishment was felt and expressed that Marguerite Lasseur had taken up with him when so many other more desirable men had been at her feet.

Of course nobody knew the true inwardness of the affair, how that in her twenty years of life, Marguerite Lasseur had never had a friend so good to her as Mr. Egerton; how, notwithstanding all her admirers, no one of them all had ever caused her a quickened heartbeat; how gratitude urged her acceptance of Robert Egerton's suit, when he asked her, in his quiet, intense way, to be his wife.

He did love her so entirely.

It seemed to him that his heart and soul were one flame of passion for her, and yet, in his reserve and reticence, he very seldom gave expression to it.

Well, Marguerite liked him infinitely better than any one else in the world.

He was able to give her a delightful home, and many of the things of life that she wanted, and she married him, and they were happy.

That there was no delicious ecstasy about her feeling for him, she never cared, and believed there was no capacity for deep passion about her.

Then, when they had been two years married, Eugene Sartoris came home with Mr. Egerton to dinner one day, and then—his first glance into her magnificent eyes, great dark-grey eyes, that shone like starbeams from under the heavy black brows, at the luscious scarlet lips, and pale, proud face, told him that here was a woman whose heart had never been touched by love's fire yet.

He was wonderfully handsome—this friend of Marguerite's husband—as handsome for a man as Marguerite was wonderously beautiful for a woman.

He was rich, and all through his life he had been accustomed to having things pretty much as he wanted them—his horses, his servants, his travels, and among women, who idolized him.

That one very first look into Mrs. Egerton's serene eyes told his observant glance its own story.

He looked at her, keenly, sharply, with his handsome, lazy blue eyes, noted the exquisite beauty of her face and figure, heard the sweet melody of her low, womanish voice, watched the lissom grace of her manner, and—fell in love with her there and then, as he had never fallen in love before.

And deliberately set himself to work to awaken her sleeping heart.

And succeeded.

It was not a week later when Marguerite discovered what had come to her, and in her first discovery she was horrified and frightened to know that there had been depths lying dormant in her nature of which she had no idea until Eugene Sartoris's master hand touched them with unsealing power.

It seemed to her that very first moment of it all that suddenly some rapturous cup was given her to drink, if only she would lift it to her lips.

But she neither dared enter in, nor lift the cup, because of her conscience, that would not hush its ceaseless monotone of warning, that faithful desperate conscience of hers that continuedly reminded her how horrible, how sinful, how hopeless it would be to yield to the sweet temptation.

But Sartoris, understanding so well just what a woman of her temperament would of necessity have to go through before the struggle between passion and duty, wrong and right, were adjusted, patiently bided his time, and by his looks, his words, his manner, made her love him even more and more.

Until at the moment of awfullest indecision, he made the temptation the sweeter, and conquered, and hit a masterful blow on her conscience that deadened it.

After the confession and the avowal, oh how rapturously easy was the descent into that enchanted land! and even in the midst of her wild, wicked happiness, Marguerite remembered that it was a 'descent,' not an 'ascent.'

I hardly know how to chronicle the pitiful story of those days.

Mr. Egerton never doubted his wife, a devotee would sooner have doubted his patron saint.

He was kindness and hospitality combined to the man who professed to be his friend.

His horses, and his home, and his wife, were always placed at Sartoris's disposal, and before his very eyes the two lived their life.

People saw and remarked upon it.

People said Egerton was as blind as a bat not to see the desperate flirtation going on under his nose.

But, as usually is the case, no word of town-talk came to his ears, the injured husband or deserted wife generally remains longest in actual ignorance.

And then, as if the furies had added their choicest benison upon Sartoris and Marguerite, it so happened about this time that Mr. Egerton was obliged to be absent from home several weeks.

And then!

After he had gone, Marguerite suffered awfully in her conscience, that, faithful and true, had struggled up from its prostration and renewed its good work.

But Sartoris had no such inward monitor, and because his influence over Marguerite was the strongest that had ever been placed upon her, it was hardly a matter of surprise that, when in his sweetest and most persuasive way he argued with her that their only hope of happiness was in her giving her home, her husband, up, and going with him.

After a little, Marguerite consented.

And left her home, her beautiful home, while the man who loved her was away, loving and trusting her with all his great good heart.

Well, she was wicked, but don't judge her too harshly.

Had she been wholly depraved, her conscience never would have given her such ruthless twinges, and never, in the very midst of her fairest dreams of bliss, was there a moment when she was not in mortal fear and terror of the God she had thus dared, by her sin.

Then, Egerton came home, to learn all about it.

Did he hate her?

Did he wish her evil, or burn for revenge upon her for the wreck and ruin she had worked in his life?

Perhaps you may not believe it, but that night when he reached home and sat down alone, he laid his head on the arm of his chair and cried like a child, not for shame, nor for anger, but because he loved her so.

And if Marguerite had come to his door just then he would have snatched her in his arms, and begged her to be merciful to him.

It was a terrible experience for him—out in the world, and alone in his empty house; but the weeks passed away somehow, as they will pass whether one suffers, or enjoys, and the months rolled up into years—three of them—just one year more than he had enjoyed with the woman he had loved so well.

Three years!

He had got into the new groove by this time, and had learned to live his life without her, when one stormy sobbing November night, she came to the door and rung, and was shown in, so muffled in her veils and wraps that the servant did not recognize her.

Not a pulse of his heart quickened as he saw who she was.

He arose, and handed her a chair.

"You are not angry, then, enough to cast me out of your house?"

She threw aside her veil as she spoke, in her sweet pathetic voice, that had once been the most enchanting music to him.

"I do not know why I should cast you out.

"I am not in the habit of turning chance comers from my doors.

"I presume you wish to see me, or you would not have taken the trouble to call."

"Robert, Robert!" she cried out agonizingly, "I would rather you strike me than speak to me like that.

"Tell me you despise me, hate me, scorn me as I deserve, as I do myself, anything rather than like that."

He looked at her—elegant, ladylike, beautiful and young as the day he saw her last, when she had been his wife.

There was a cold curious look in his face, thoughtful, pitying, but oh, cold, cold as ice.

"I don't understand the good taste in your coming," he said at last, "but I if can be of any service to you I hope I may be.

"Are you in trouble, or is Mr. Sartoris?"

Not a faltering of the quiet, lelly-polite, thoughtful voice as he spoke the name, but an awful deathly agony spread over her face at the sound of it, and she rose to her feet, pale as a dead woman.

"Don't call his name in my hearing!

"You know as well as I where he is.

"I never have seen him since that accursed day when I went with him from here.

"I swear to you I did not sin against you, Robert; but who would believe me?

"I stayed away, afraid—ashamed to come and tell you I never had been the worst you were thinking of me, Robert."

She fell on her knees, her fair hands clasped in pleading.

He smiled coldly, sarcastically.

"I think I have read somewhere of a man who had a living soul in a body to all appearance dead.

"I have a dead heart in a living body.

"Your explanations, your prayers, your tears, your oaths, your sworn oath written in your heart's blood, are all nothing to me.

"Can I be of any service to you, pecuniarily or otherwise, madam?"

And Marguerite, poor, weak, wicked Marguerite, who had sinned, but not so deeply as you may have thought—knew that even her humility and repentance could never avail with the man who had once worshipped her so.

She went away, poor Marguerite, and Robert Egerton neither knew nor cared, for his heart was dead, and she had been its murderess.

MAN AND THE BUTTON.

DID you ever see a man in the solitude and privacy of his study attempt to sew on a button by himself?

It is in all its details one of the most interesting performances in the world.

First he hunts for a button. Generally to secure it he robs Peter to pay Paul and cuts one from another garment.

This button may be much larger or smaller than the size he is wearing.

Next he hunts for a needle. Probably he goes out and buys a paper of needles.

He always chooses the largest needles, having the impression that large needles will sew stronger than small needles.

As to thread he gets the coarsest he can find, and this he doubles.

He would thread his needle. He takes his needle in one hand and his coarse black thread in the other.

He bites off thread to the desirable length.

Then he tries to twist it to a fine point. Generally in this he succeeds in making two and sometimes three fine points out of one end.

Of course he can't get all these points through the needle's eye at once.

He tries hard to make that needle and the thread get on friendly terms with each other, but they won't.

They don't want to get acquainted. They do not wish to have anything to do with each other.

Sometimes it is the needle that kicks: sometimes the thread.

Sometimes he imagines he had really threaded his needle. It is an ocular delusion.

The thread has missed the needle's eye by half an inch. It is harder work than sawing wood.

At last the needle is threaded.

Now he tries to sew the button on without taking his trousers off.

This proves a failure.

He twists himself into an uncomfortable position, and so would sew. But he can't sew so.

He runs the needle in himself. And the contrary thread always insists on fouling or on doubling round the next button.

Then one part of the double thread won't work harmoniously with the other part, one part draws through the button's eye first and leaves the other part behind.

Then it gets hitched up, and the ambassador swears.

Or the needle breaks. And then he swears.

He may not swear audibly. But the recording angel knows what is going on inside of him, and debits him with every item.

He swears hard.

He had forgotten all about the necessity for a thimble.

He jams his thumb down into the needle's head and it punctures his thumb or runs under the nail.

By and by he sews the button's eye full of thread.

His big needle won't pass through any more.

He must stop.

He ends by winding the thread as many times as will go under the button.

A woman can, through many outward indications, tell when a man has been trying to sew on a button. He doesn't know the shibboleth of needle and thread, and it catches somewhere every time.

At last the button is sewed on and he is proud of his work.

DOG AND CAT.—Here is a story for the truth of which we vouch, and which would no doubt have interested the late Mr. Darwin. It concerns a terrier and a cat. The dog's part was chiefly passive, but he must have possessed remarkable qualities to awaken the affection which the cat had for him; so we record with honor the name of Pip. We do not know the cat's name, which is a pity, for she merits whatever immortality we can bestow. Thus it happened: Pip fell sick, and for several days lay languidly in one place, eating nothing. Again and again the cat brought him bits of food given to her, and tried to make him eat, but in vain. At last, one day, a woman sitting in the room where they were, saw the cat, which had been watching Pip with evident anxiety, dart suddenly out of the window and rush across the street. In a moment she came back carrying something in her mouth, which she brought to Pip and laid down.

Pip got up, sniffed at it, then turned away and lay down again. The cat dragged it close to him and thrust it under his nose. Thus persuaded, he tasted it and ate half of it. Puss then carried the remainder to the grass-plot, and herself fell to work on it with a good appetite. It proved to be a hot mutton chop. The person who had watched the affair went to the house across the way, and asked in the kitchen if they had had mutton chops that day. "Yes," was the answer; "and as the dish stood before the fire in rushed your cat, and before we could stop her she carried off one of the chops." We are happy to add that Pip got well.

It Has Worked Wonders.

A lady, writing from Racine, Wis., makes this gratifying report: "We finished taking our second supply of Compound Oxygen last month; it has worked wonders for my mother. When she began treating with the Oxygen she was extremely low and prostrate in her bed with a variety of complaints. I had no hope of her recovery. She is now able to go about the house and do many pieces of work, and is a continual testimony before me of the wonderful power of Compound Oxygen." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Address STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

—WAR. WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

A GOD-SEND TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS and SERVANT-GIRLS.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF

The Frank Siddalls Soap

IT HAS MADE A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES.

IT HAS BEEN DECLARED by EDITORS and HOUSEKEEPERS to be one of the MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES of our Time,

And the **"POST"** now has the pleasure of telling its readers about its being a Labor-saving Invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to over-worked women and servant-girls. It is as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor. *The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes* is better and easier than the old way, and it will answer both for the finest laces and garments and the coarser clothing of the laboring-classes. It is a cheap Soap to use; and a few minutes' time on the part of a Housekeeper of ordinary intelligence is all that is necessary to show the washwoman how to use it, and every Housekeeper should insist on its being used *one time* EXACTLY BY THE DIRECTIONS.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP and THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF REFINEMENT.

A person of Refinement will be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE.

A person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in following directions which are so easy that a child could understand them.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF HONOR.

A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

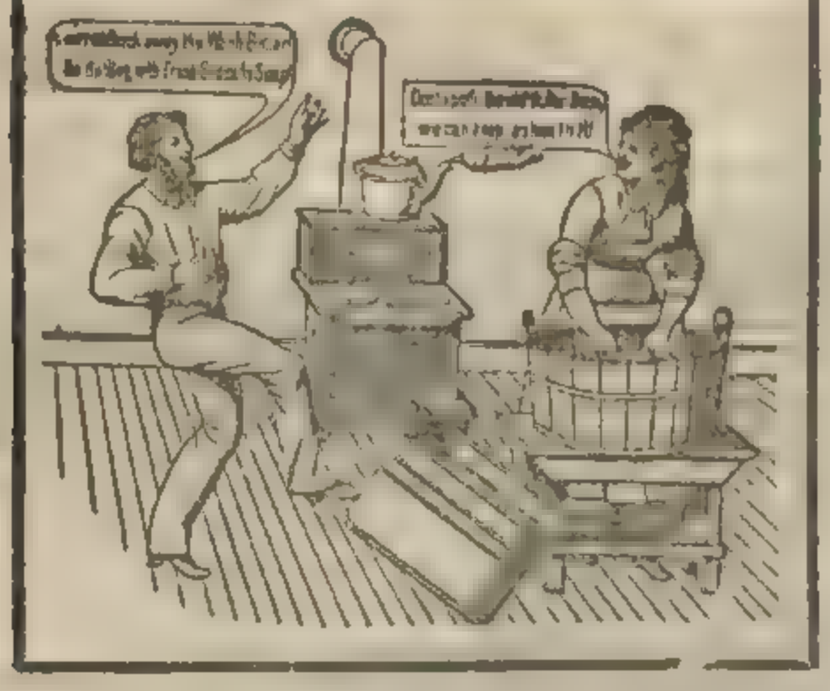
HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.

A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜



HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY,
where it is not Sold at the Stores.

Make your Promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.
2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the **"POST"**
3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Now by return mail a full size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage-stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.

Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. *Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how old it may seem.* A wash-boiler standing unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets decidedly too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse-water, without using any more Soap,) and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any blueing for the Soap takes the place of blueing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make the blue-water soapy, *and the less blueing the better.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet and as soft in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. *Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.*

☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, No. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

THE FISHES' BALL.

BY PIPKIN.

DOWN in the lovely pale green water of the sea, surrounding the Island of Alderney, the fish were having a ball not long ago.

It might almost have been called an afternoon dance, for the sun was shining brightly overhead, and any one on the surface might have seen twenty feet down through the clear transparent water to the place where cod and mackerel, red mullet and [illegible] whiting and bream swam to [illegible] the mazes of the dance. The [illegible], green, and blue scales flashed and sparkled, as they glided to and fro with elegant movement, for they liked doing things gracefully, and were particular about their proper places and attitudes.

The awkward squad, consisting of soles, plaice, and brill, floundered helplessly here and there outside the charmed circle, getting into every one's way.

"Oh, come, I say, that's too bad!" cried Mr. Whiting, as his interesting partner Miss Bream was suddenly torn from him, by the unexpected lurch of a big brown sole, who gasped, "I beg your pardon," in a faint voice, as, tired of trying to get into high life, he sank lumberingly to the bottom of the sea.

"Come back and try another turn," said Mr. Whiting, darting hastily after the lady, and trying by insinuating looks to tempt her to trust herself to him again; but her nerves had received too severe a shock, she said—she would prefer looking on for awhile; so the partners reposed for some time under a tuft of sheltering seaweed, and employed themselves in making satirical remarks on their dear friends, regarding the redness of Miss Mullet's nose, the awkwardness of young Flounder, and the absurdity of old Cod thinking himself so very juvenile.

They were surprised in the midst of these improving reflections by a dark shadow which seemed to cover them, and their astonishment was not diminished when they saw descending through the clear water a large and weird-looking form.

It was enveloped in a brownish covering, but two great goggle eyes which adorned it struck terror into the hearts of the timid fish and with a dive they took refuge from the apparition behind some rocks.

Their companions had been, however, too busily occupied to take warning in time, so their amazement was great when the diver down among them, and hammer in hand, surveyed the scene around him, which indeed was rather crowded.

Terrified fish were gliding hither and thither, the flat ones endeavoring to bury themselves headlong in the sand, while the frightened band, which consisted of a row of crabs large and small, sat with their instruments half-raised, staring at the intruder.

Jacques Gaudion was not long in making up his mind as to his first move; he made a stride to the rocks where the band was located, and pouncing upon one crab after another, proceeded to tie them neatly round his waist.

The poor things made many ineffectual efforts to escape, and to catch their persecutor between their nippers.

They cried:

"We are the band, the Royal Band of Crabs; the fish can dance no more without us, let us go, let us go."

But as the diver unfortunately did not understand their language, he paid no heed to their remonstrances and complaints, and calmly proceeded to survey the spot he had come down to inspect, and as soon as this business was finished he ascended to the surface.

Then the dispersed revellers, who had been peeping from various holes and crevices, swam forth again, and great was the indignation manifested on all sides.

"Our crabs, are all gone, what shall we do?" wailed an enthusiastic young mullet, "and we cannot have another dance until a new set of performers are trained! Oh, it is too hard!"

"Revenge, revenge," muttered a rasping voice near her, and she darted to a safe distance before she turned to reply to a small lean dog-fish, who, with his ravenous shark-like head and rough back, was not a very pleasant neighbor.

"What do you mean?" she inquired loftily; "the man is gone, and there is no more about him."

"But he will return," cried the dog-fish hastily; "believe me, Miss Mullet, I have seen this sort of thing before.

"Whenever one of these creatures ventures down into our domain he is sure to be followed by others."

"We can leave this coast, I should think," replied Miss Mullet contemptuously, as she sailed off with a conceited waves of her tail.

"I can bite him if that will do any good," cried a gaby very loudly.

"And I can sting him," echoed a jelly-fish.

"Well, every one should attack him at once," said the dog-fish; "if you once let him begin working here nothing will turn him out afterwards."

So war to the knife was declared against the diver by most of the inhabitants of the coast, who immediately began to prepare for battle; and the goby sharpened his teeth, and then the dog-fish rubbed his rough sides up against the rocks, and gloried in their protuberances; but the allies had not bargained for more than one human being, and when, the next day, Jacques appeared, in company with a brother diver named Pierre Felix, and the two men proceeded to make arrangements for laying some foundation-stones, the fish watched silently for a while before they summoned up courage enough to begin operations.

At last they determined to wait no longer and glided silently up to the workmen, having planned to assault them in the rear, and at the dog-fish's signal they darted forward, and stung, bit, strange to say, they did not appear to make the least impression on the men, who continued working at the large blocks of stone.

So, when the divers had gone, a council of war was held at once, but the goby and the jelly-fish had discovered that the men's gutta-percha dress was quite impervious to any efforts of theirs, and were so disheartened that they did not wish to try again, and the meeting was upon the point of breaking up, when, with a graceful writhe or two, an immense conger eel insinuated his six feet of body into the assemblage.

"I will do the business for you, if you like," he said.

The effect of this announcement upon the members of the little gathering was marvellous.

Shrinking guardedly away on all sides—afraid to swim fast for fear the monster would single each one out as his prey (for not one of the fish for a moment dreamed that the conger eel was acting disinterestedly)—afraid to meet his glaring eyes, and yet afraid to seem afraid—the terror and distrust of all were apparent, and the bully was not too stupid to observe it.

"Don't run away," he observed, with an ugly sneer, "I am not going to eat any of you just at present.

"I have had a good dinner.

"I see you don't believe me," he added scornfully, "but what I do or not matters very little; I have no notion of allowing impertinent human beings to interfere with my domestic arrangements as they have done to-day; I shall teach them a lesson they won't forget.

"I waited to let you try your hands first, and now that you have all egregiously failed it is my turn.

"Any one who likes may look on when I chastise them to-morrow, only they had better keep out of my way afterwards."

So saying, and without waiting for a reply the slimy creature glided noiselessly away, as he had come, and his audience were thunderstruck by his harangue—so much so that they were some time before they recovered themselves sufficiently to speak.

"We'll see some fun," cried a young brill, with a ponderous attempt at cutting a little caper; "won't that brute punish them!"

"He will," assented a venerable cod, who had succeeded in escaping the snares and nets that had been spread for him for many years.

"But there will be a fight, children; I advise you all to keep out of the way."

Next morning, at the usual time, the two divers again appeared, and prepared to set about their daily labor, for they were laying the foundation of a breakwater, but before commencing operations Pierre, attracted by some strange object which caught his eye, wandered away, leaving his comrade busily engaged in breaking some rocks.

Jacques had been quietly pursuing his labors for some time unmolested—thinking most likely of the wife and children he had left in the little cottage on the cliff of Alderney—when his musings were rudely interrupted by something brown and white and ferocious-looking darting at him.

With his savage mouth open, and his eyes glaring, the eel made his onslaught, and the diver fell back almost imperceptibly for an instant, then recollected his strength, and prepared to defend himself as best he could with his hammer.

Jacques Gaudion's powers were all required now, for it was most difficult to hit the slimy creature which wreathed itself about him, and his great fear was lest its powerful teeth might make an incision in his air-tight covering; also it was not easy to keep in foot during the battle, so that he labored under many disadvantages, while the eel was at his ease, and shouts of—

"Well done! fight him! worry him!" proceeded from the spectators who peeped round great tufts of sea-weed to watch the fray; but Jacques appeared to be getting the best of the struggle for some time, until, unfortunately, the eel got entangled between his legs, and poor Gaudion falling forward on his face, his head came into violent collision with a rock, which shivered his glass helmet to fragments, the water rushed into the aperture at once, and he lay prostrate, at the mercy of the enemies who were around him.

Just at this critical moment Pierre happened most fortunately to have returned from his exploring expedition, and on reaching the spot where he had left his comrade, he saw him, to his astonishment and horror, stretched at full length on the sand, with his head exposed, and a conger eel and several very excited fish executing a kind of war-dance over him.

Felix had plenty of presence of mind, and he at once perceived the serious nature of the case, so clasping the inanimate body of his companion in his arms, he hastened up the ladder as quickly as his burden would permit, and as soon as he reached the boat used every means to revive him.

For some time all seemed unavailing, but at last poor Jacques opened his eyes, and after a few gasps and sobs was able to recount in a faint voice the story of his narrow escape, though he maintained that he would have conquered the eel in the end only for being thrown down.

"I don't know about that! it was a ferocious beast," observed Pierre; "but really we must try to get rid of him before we lay any more foundation-stones.

"Suppose we set a lobster-pot or two near his haunts?"

"Ah, [illegible] a great deal too large to fit into one," said Jacques, at [illegible] Point Noire, "nothing but a [illegible] will [illegible] him."

"I shall set one to-night," said Pierre.

"And I will help you," said Jacques.

"Indeed, you will do nothing of the kind," cried a third man, who was rowing; "you are not fit to pull an oar, Gaudion; I will help."

So that evening the two valiant men rowed out, and set an immense line nearly seventy fathoms long in the neighborhood of the conger's abode.

To this long line were attached about twenty small ones, each having at the end an enormous hook about the size of those which are used with a roasting-jack, and having baited these in the most tempting manner they returned home.

Mr. Conger Eel set out next morning to revisit the scene of his late exploits, and congratulate himself on having got rid of his enemy.

He thought he should decidedly have a feast to celebrate the victory, so when some unwary fish ventured to approach him, with the mistaken idea that he was an ally of theirs, he dispersed them like a flock of sheep, and fastened upon a whiting which had been rather disabled by a hook; but this only served to whet his voracious appetite, and as he roamed about he perceived one of the enticing baits that had been set for him.

However, with all his greediness he was cautious, and he tried to suck it off the hook at first, but finding it very appetising and not easy to get at, he became irritated at last, and snapping furiously at it, was hooked.

Then indeed there was rejoicing among the fish—they arrived in crowds to enjoy the discomfiture of their persecutor; they danced and skipped round him with glee. There came the relations of the whiting he had eaten that morning, who, weeping fishy tears, bewailed their loss, and rejoiced much that the conger eel was about to meet with a similar fate.

They bit him, and scratched him, and tormented him, till the maddened monster was almost relieved when he felt himself drawn from his native element.

Jacques, Pierre, and their friend Paul all manned the boat, for the hard-drawn and diver had nearly recovered his strength again.

The men had already examined nearly all their hooks, but they were greatly afraid their large prey had escaped them; but Pierre, who was drawing in the line, suddenly cried:

"I have him at last, comrades; he is very heavy."

And as he spoke the fierce-looking conger came writhing up, and was drawn by main force into the boat, where he was no sooner landed than he darted at the nearest diver, and tried to seize him.

"Mind your legs, your legs," cried the others.

"Who will tie him up?" inquired Paul cautiously, keeping at a very respectful distance himself.

"I will; I have had experience of him already," answered Jacques, and with great circumspection he crept down to where the eel was, intending to put a cord round his his victim with one hand; but finding to his chagrin that both were required for the powerful creature, he was obliged to call for Pierre's assistance, and the two men at length succeeded in lashing the conger to the thwarts, and had actually turned to speak to Paul, when a shout from him made them look round, and lo! the cord was broken, the prize was vanquished, and Mr. Conger Eel had disappeared.

"He has the strength of a horse," cried Pierre.

"Surely there is something queer about him," echoed Paul.

"No sooner had you turned, Jacques, than he burst his tying with one writhe, and slipped over the gunwale of the boat as if he had been accustomed to doing it all his life."

"We shall have to let him alone," observed Pierre; "no use in trying to catch that fellow; but he won't attack us again, I think."

Hardly for awhile, certainly, for after his long continued struggles and narrow escape, Mr. Conger Eel felt rather poorly.

But he determined that his first business should be to punish with a dreadful punishment all the misguided fish who had been tormenting him when he was at their mercy.

He was too wise to make a sudden outslaught on a party, and exhibit himself, so he used to seize and devour any unwary mullet, cod, or bream who happened to be swimming alone, as the fish were not on their guard as usual, and none ever returned to tell the tale of their enemy's reappearance, shoals mysteriously vanished without ever being accounted for.

Well was it for the inhabitants of the harbor that winter weather was approaching, for one morning, after a severe night's frost numbers of conger eels were found floating on the surface of the water.

The fishing boats put out at once, and after capturing a great number of these creatures (which, though alive, was quite unable to dive out of their reach), among whom was included our mischievous hero, they were all dispatched to the city in big hampers; indeed, our friend required a whole hamper to himself, so great was his size.

FINE CUT tobacco was first used by Chaucer.

ANCIENT TABLES.

THE Greek lady of leisure in Athens employed herself at the spinning-wheel and had little need of a table, and beautiful in design and form as all Greek furniture was, one striking natural characteristic proclaimed itself in the furnishing of the homes.

They never had that for which they could find no practical use, and consequently, as tables were only needed for the purpose of meals, they appeared only at those times, were mere slabs of wood, which were brought in at the dinner hour, and set down loosely upon their legs.

The meal over the tables vanished with the empty plates.

In Homeric days, each person had a separate table, and it was only when luxury crept in that a larger table for the men became common, while the women dined at separate ones.

Then the custom of lounging on couches, the elbows resting on the table, became usual, and the ladies were expected to sit, while their lords assumed the most comfortable attitude they could find.

Even then, however, the table played so entirely a subordinate part that we never read of it as being of handsome material, or, indeed, as being of any importance at all, except to groan under the food, which was of the most luxurious description.

The Romans, on the contrary, held their tables in the highest estimation; they even made collections of them. Seneca possessed four small ones.

It is curious to trace in the accounts old writers give us of Roman luxury in this respect a sort of likeness to the taste of modern days.

No article of furniture in the Roman house cost so much as the table. Those with one foot or pedestal brought enormous prices.

Pliny says that tables were brought in the first instance from the East, and were called orbes, not because they were round, but because they were massive plates of wood cut from the trunk of a tree in its whole diameter. Yet, oddly enough, we hear very little of tables in the East or in ancient history.

Moses made a table for the Tabernacle, as if it were something uncommon, upon which to lay the shew bread. Philo Judæus describes it as having been two cubits long and one and one-half high, and dwells upon it as a remarkable piece of furniture.

Fashionable tables in the luxurious Roman homes were called "monopedia," and were made of a massive plate of wood, resting upon a column of ivory; such tables were enormously expensive, and, according to Pliny, the wood was brought from Mauritania and cut from the trunk of the citrus tree.

Some of the pieces of wood were four feet in diameter, and the ivory column which supported them was extremely massive. They were polished and covered with thick cloths made generally of coarse linen, the first indication we meet with of the modern table-cloth.

Cicero had such a table, for which he paid the enormous sum of one million sesterces. Just as to-day the handsomest walnut tables are those made of wood cut from the trunk nearest the roots, so in the days of Roman magnificence highest prices were paid for the tables made from the last cut of the citrus tree, because the wood was dappled and marked.

A SPANISH BREAKFAST. All the members of the family are present at this meal, the first of the day. The table is laid with a snowy cloth, with porous pitchers of classic shape; with a melon rolling here and there; knives, forks, plates, put on without any regard to order or arrangement; large bunches of white and purple grapes, and a few bottles of red astringent wine; bread lies in spiral or long rolls all about the table, in the centre of which stand some flowers. When all is ready, the mother and father and one or two daughters of the family come in and take their places; the father quietly takes the melon before him and cuts it into slices, passing the plate round from one to the other; all are wonderfully silent, respectful, self-controlled; the household seems so peaceful, so patriarchal in its simple primitiveness, that the stranger feels out of place. The sons saunter in, cigar in mouth, but reverent towards their parents, and saluting them with the morning kiss of affection and peace, take their slice of melon. Then the soup is placed carefully on the table, anywhere, and each takes a plateful; then comes the meat stewed to rags from which the soups has been taken, with rice and slices of every sort of stewed vegetable of the luscious, aromatic, semi-pungent vegetables of the country. A little dish of sausage or of bacon follows; then bread and cheese, and then fruit again, and the men drink a little, but very little, wine, the women only water. A cup of coffee and a cigarette follow—the meal is over, and the family quietly disperse to pursue the occupations of the day.

EACH hook and ladder company in the Brooklyn Fire Department is supplied with a strong canvas sheet, ten by seventeen feet, for persons caught in burning buildings to jump into.

A CONSTANT COUGH, WITH FAILING STRENGTH, and Wasting of Flesh, are symptoms denoting Pulmonary organs more or less seriously affected. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is a safe remedy for Lung and Throat ills.

Grains of Gold.

He that grasps at too much holds nothing fast.

He is a slave that cannot command himself.

Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand.

The error of a moment may be the sorrow of a life.

What we weave in time we must wear in eternity.

Expense of time is the most costly of all expenses.

Even piety is dangerous in a man without judgment.

To deliberate on useful things is a prudent delay.

We have more indolence in the mind than in the body.

Affectation hides more virtues than charity does sins.

A pleasant deed done in a pleasant way carries double satisfaction.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

The best way to find out what future duty will be, is to do present duty.

Pride is increased by ignorance; those assume the most who know the least.

As too long retirement weakens the mind, so too much company dissipates it.

Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure to put it where you can find it.

Every time you avoid doing wrong you increase your inclination to do right.

If the waves threaten to engulf you, don't add by your tears to the amount of water.

It is easy enough to forgive your enemies, if you have not the means to harm them.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of human pity that will not forsake us.

Events are not in our power; but it always is better to make good use of even the worst.

No books are so legible as the lives of men; no characters so plain as their moral conduct.

Do not anxiously expect what is not yet come. And do not vainly regret what is already past.

Envy makes us see what will serve to accuse others, and not perceive what may justify them.

Never speak an idle word. Idle words are not always idle, but often prove to be the most active of all.

With what different eyes do we look upon an action when it is ours than when it is another's.

We are often discontented with our own condition. If we knew that of others it might be different.

Many a man owes his success in life to the hisses of his enemies instead of the plaudits of his friends.

Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, do so in a pleasing manner.

Good manners are the only oil with which to keep the complex machinery of social life in good working order.

Prejudice and self-sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind.

There is one quality which all men have in common with the angels—blessed opportunities of exercising mercy.

Whatever discoveries one may have made in the domain of self-love, there still remains much territory unexplored.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you would love to be treated yourself.

How few of us realize that as we rise each morning and commence our usual avocations that we are one day nearer our final home.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of others by every word.

A man's fortune is frequently decided by his first address. If pleasing, others at once conclude he has merit; but if ungraceful, they decide against him.

The finer the nature, the more flaws will it show through the clearness of it. The best things are seldomest seen in their best form. That is not always the most perfect which seems so.

The poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor. The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true search would be found very indigent and ragged.

If a fool knows a secret he tells it because he is a fool. If a knave knows one, he tells it whenever it is his interest to tell it. But women and young men are very apt to tell whatever secrets they know from the vanity of being trusted.

There is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes and all the bright hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.

Of life in every way, we must say we cannot tell how it is. And yet there are persons that shrink from the future life, and some that do not believe it, because they do not see in what way it will be; while yet, what the way is of the very life they are in, they cannot tell.

Femininities.

Fatness is the criterion of female beauty in Barbary.

There is a young lady in Omaha named Little Magium.

Of the 1,150 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary, but 17 are women.

A clumsy Pennsylvania woman has just broken a lamp-chimney which she had kept for 18 years.

A woman in Baltimore has been fined $100 and costs for sending scurrilous postal cards to ladies.

The ladies of London, Ont., are forming a cornet band. Thus far eleven young ladies have enrolled.

A Long Island clergyman recently united in marriage a man of 20 and a woman of 80. She was a widow.

Long, pointed finger-nails are fashionable among women, but they will never be popular with married men.

"I live by my pen," said a poet, wishing to impress a young lady. "You look as if you lived in it," was the reply.

If a man's self-respect will not save him from habitual intoxication, all the female influence in the world will not avail.

The Collector attempted to arrest a woman in Litchfield, Conn., the other day, for refusing to pay her taxes, but she scratched his face badly and got away.

A California woman, wearing a $20 back-comb, fell dead in the street the other day, and the coroner's jury decided that all back combs above $2 were dangerous.

The word "dear" is one of the greatest inventions in the English language. Every married man can say "my dear wife," and no one can tell exactly what he means.

There is a lady at Eureka, Cal., who, a dozen years ago, was married in a $2,000 dress. Now she takes in washing to support a drunken husband and three pairs of twins.

In a late marriage announcement only the name of bride and clergyman appear. As civilization advances the groom becomes of less and less importance on such occasions.

Now that women can plead in the United States' courts and vote on the school committee, perhaps they may gradually acquire the knowledge that a woman has a right to but one seat in a railway car.

"Yes, ma'am, I broke the vase," said Bridget; "but it wasn't worth anything." "What do you mean, Bridget?" "Why, you told me, ma'am, yourself, never to use it for anything." Severe china.

A man advertises for an "amiable wife," and after having the supposed treasure for one week, expresses himself thus obscurely: "She hadn't been in the house twenty-four hours before the milk soured."

An interesting phase of society life is seen when a young man goes to call on a young lady and his setter dog follows him and waits outside, each passer-by stopping to read the name on the collar. That happened in Lowell.

The Turin courts have just condemned to death a woman for paying $30 to a man to kill her lover of fourteen years' standing, in order to prevent his falling into the hands of a young woman he was on the point of marrying.

Woman is a trustful, loving, confiding angel, but it shakes her confidence terribly when her husband comes home at one o'clock in the morning, carrying a dozen mess mackerel on a string, and huskily exclaims that he has "been out fur—hic! fishin'!"

An English beauty, who went to be photographed at a seaside resort, after taking her seat in the chair of torture, was thus addressed by the insinuating operator: "Now, Miss, you look at me as if I was your sweetheart, and you'd met me unexpected."

Nothing is more touching than man's dependence upon the love and sympathy of a woman. "See what you've brought me to," remarked a Western man, as on his way to jail he passed the wife whom he tried to kill because the flap-jacks were only browned on one side.

A New York man after a little experience truthfully and indignantly asserts that no woman, however nervous, has a right to wake up her husband from a sound sleep to tell him, on inquiring what's the matter, "Nothing—only I wanted to know if you were awake."

The ladies of the West End of St. Louis are organizing a social club to be composed entirely of ladies between the ages of eighteen and thirty years, who will give during the fall season a series of surprise visits, when all the members will be disguised with false noses.

Bet you can't tell what this is: "An Apology for the Superficial Thinking, Critical Attitude, and Speculative Tendency of Our Age." Why it's simply the subject of a light and airy editorial paragraph in the Vassar College Miscellany. Pass us that chewing-gum, please.

"With a sewing-machine one woman can do as much sewing now as a hundred could a century ago," said a political economist. "Yes, and one woman now requires as much clothing as a hundred women did a century ago, and that makes it even," said the wife of the aforesaid economist.

The Sacramento School Board has offered a prize of $20 to the young lady graduate of their schools who will wear the least expensive dress on Commencement Day. If the Pacific coast girls are like their Eastern sisters, they will prefer to lose the prize rather than be considered plainly dressed.

A novel out-door affair is about to take place in the gardens of the Comtesse de Gilly, in Paris. All the ladies are to be dressed in Watteau costumes, and the men as peasants; and three cottages have been been hastily built up, where the make-believe villagers are to drink milk and eat strawberries and brown bread.

News Notes.

Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the 15th century.

District messenger boys at Newport are to be provided with bicycles.

They are to have a new crematory in New York with a capital of $50,000.

New bathing suits have short sleeves, and trousers loose at the ankles.

At Pompeii combs have been found exactly like the modern fine-tooth kind.

In the 17th century, on the continent, boots were never worn without spurs.

The mandoline is coming into vogue as the musical instrument of the æsthetes.

Making ficelle lace is among new fancy work for ladies during the summer season.

A judge has recently decided that a man's residence is where he gets his washing done.

St. Louis now has 36 kindergartens, each containing from 75 to 125 pupils. They are all successful.

It is estimated that upward of 30,000 lives have been destroyed by the explosive products of petroleum.

Small lotteries in the guise of prize packages of tea, candies, etc., are henceforth prohibited in Chicago.

Dalton, Tenn., has a young lady dentist, and Atlanta, Ga., a colored dentist, who has a large white patronage.

The New York, Chicago and St. Louis R. R. uses a steam shovel that lifts eight tons of gravel at one scoop.

"Pulverized meat" is what the Belgian Government is about to give out for army rations. This must be Belgian for "hash."

The Albany *Journal* declares that a lovely young rosebud of a cadet at West Point is "the owner of 150 pair of white duck trowsers."

Propping up peach trees to prevent them from breaking down under the weight of fruit, is the news from all parts of North Carolina.

Venice and Amsterdam are the cities of bridges. The first has 450, the latter, 300; London has 15, Vienna 20, and Berlin will soon have 60.

Parisian-laced shoes, with pointed perforated toes of patent leather on French kid tops, are rapidly taking the place of buttoned boots.

The custom-house in Portsmouth, built 25 years ago, is said to be the only building ever put up by the Government in New Hampshire.

A Canadian widow recently achieved local notoriety by marrying her daughter's widower ten weeks after the death of her own husband.

Ley Poy Foom, the richest heathen in America, died in San Francisco the other day. He has a plantation in China stocked with two thousand slaves.

It was a mother who eloped at Bennett Springs, Nevada, and her sons and daughters pursued her, chastised her companion and carried her home.

There are 8,000 regular practising homœopathic physicians in the United States. The system was introduced into this country not more than fifty years ago.

A company of Second Adventists in Texas have gone so far as to prepare a tent for the Saviour's occupancy with a handsome bed and other furniture.

Reports of the revival of the national game of base-ball are very encouraging. Five deaths have already resulted from it in this State the present season.

The Quebec postoffice officials recently found two live snakes in an American postal bag opened in the office. They had escaped from a box in which they were confined.

Mayor Morris, of Denver, tried to strike a golden mean on the Fourth, by permitting fireworks in the streets, but prohibiting them "in alleys and barnyards."

Florida butterfly-hunters get an average of five cents apiece for their captures. Some rare specimens bring much more, and one kind, that is very scarce, brings $40 a pair.

Rhode Island's first case under the fifteenth amendment is that of a negro lawyer, who was refused admission to a skating rink on account of his color, and procured the indictment of the manager.

There is a Chinaman in San Francisco with red hair. His countrymen treat him with superstitious respect. At the table he has the best of everything, and at all ceremonies he takes precedence.

A son of one of the Siamese twins, who graduated recently from the North Carolina School for Mutes, visited Staunton, Va., the other day. He is described as "a good-looking young fellow," very bright, and well educated. He is both deaf and dumb.

One of the most eminent of medical men is reported as saying that there are not less, probably, than 10,000 persons in Germany who have become slaves to the habit of hypodermically injecting morphine. There are many who take as much as eighteen injections every day.

One of the principal objects of interest at the approaching coronation of the Czar of Russia will be the carriage of the Czarina, which is the same that was presented by Frederick the Great to the Empress Elizabeth. It is a sort of a double throne on wheels, and is hung, not upon springs, but upon huge bands of velvet. Within it is upholstered with red velvet, and has a large mirror in front, facing the occupant, framed with white satin. The coachman's seat accommodates four persons. It is drawn by eight horses of purest white, wearing harnesses of crimson velvet encrusted with gold and precious stones. The cost of furbishing up the the twenty-three vehicles of which the cortege is to consist has amounted to 230,000 roubles, or $170,000.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Bruises, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, and Malaria in the various forms are instantly relieved.

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaints**, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

BE IT SEATED IN THE

Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homœopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, New York

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. "His remedies are the outgrowth of his own experience; they are the only known means of permanent cure."—*Reporter*

Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, O.

PROGRESS IN MEDICINE.

ABOVE all other things, perhaps the 19th century, is remarkable for its great progress in medical science.

Fifty years ago, there was comparatively little improvement on the methods of Hippocrates, or the modern Sangrado. But the present era has seen a change that amounts to more than a revolution.

Old ideas have been exploded, old systems abolished, and for the first time in the history of man, the treatment of disease has been placed upon a rational basis.

This advance has been characterized by a change as radical and complete, as that which overthrew the tradition of ages in astronomy.

The mind of the world had settled into a certain form of belief, either too idle or too ignorant to work out of it, when Copernicus read the story of the stars aright, and Galileo, though on the rack of torture, pointed to the glorious sun and cried—

"The earth still moves."

Among these revelations that have so contributed to making the study and cure of man's ailments almost as simple and accurate a problem, as any sum in arithmetic, those made by the eminent chemist, Dr. Radway, of New York, are not the least noticeable or important.

Having passed his life in the investigation of the secret causes of many of the most painful, and common bodily troubles of humanity, he was able after repeated experiments and extended research to put his hand upon the remedial touchstones, which turn the heaviness of sickness into the gold of health.

In these remedies Dr. Radway is conceded to have made some of the most valuable additions to the science of medicine, and in so doing he has done far more than the man who founds a charitible institution or endows a college, and has long since earned the noble title which he wears of a public benefactor.

The three distinct medicines with which his name is associated are—"Radway's Ready Relief," the "Sarsaparillian Resolvent," and the "Regulating Pills." We hardly need speak of their fame and popularity.

There is no quarter of the earth in which their virtues are not known and appreciated. The sun does not shine on any civilized land to which these panaceas for ills have not brought the priceless boon of health. It is met with by travelers in Turkey, in Russia, in Asia, in China, in Hindostan, in Australia, and in even the Sandwich Islands; and it is reckoned as a very important item in the commerce with those distant countries and people. Almost every vessel that departs from our shores for other countries carries out a supply of them, in answer to the constant and increasing demands of trade.

Were it not that they perfectly fulfil their mission, this result would hardly be attained. But the world at large has long been familiar with their virtues, and each day add to the proof of their efficacy and the esteem in which they are held. Unlike many which are thrust prominently before the people, these remedies have no taint of the nostrum in their composition, being the results of purely scientific exploration and knowledge. They are imitated externally by those who have nothing of their own to give, but the forgeries are only an additional testimony to their worth.

In their various applications these great medicines cover an exceedingly wide field.

The first is a relief from pains of every description and from whatever cause. The second is the greatest blood purifier ever known, and is therefore a wonderful specific in all diseases of the skin, as well as all nervous suffering. The third is a cure for the irregularity of the digestive organs, which form the nest from which are hatched an endless brood of complaints and sufferings.

On them as a whole, the name and glory of Radway rest, and there is little fear that such a monument to his skill and industry will ever be disturbed.

In the order of priority comes the famous R. R. R., which, as every one knows, stands for "Radway's Ready Relief." How many tons of thousands of bottles have been sent out on their healing mission it is hard to say, but we can safely assert that millions of people have found unspeakable relief, from pain that made life wretched, from its use. It can be taken either internally or externally, and is applicable to nearly every disease that flesh is heir to, from the toothache to fevers, and the most complicated and sore ailments. The great beauty of this panacea is its simplicity and ease of application, it being within the reach of all.

A worthy compeer to the R. R. R., is the "Sarsaparillian Resolvent." It is a most efficacious purifier of the blood, and is without a superior in all diseases of the skin. It no less brings into subjection all chronic diseases and complaints, whether they proceed from lungs, stomach, bones, flesh, or skin. It likewise proves efficient in the reduction and dissipation of ovarian tumors, and in this single regard has earned its title to be ranked among the first and most valuable of medical discoveries. Apart from this, as a medicine for the alleviation of the terrors of nerve-diseases, it takes a leading place among the best in the world.

In old and obstinate ailments, in the maladies incident to the kidneys and bladder, as well as liver diseases, this Resolvent has a peculiar and particular value. For scrofula, ulcers and cancers, it is equally a wonderful and invaluable cure.

Speaking of the last of the trio, "The Regulating Pill," it must likewise be accorded the highest standing as an efficient help to health. There is nothing more frequent than slight disarrangements of the system, which are not only troublesome in themselves, but likely to lead to worse. These pills relieve and cure all complaints of the organs, which form the seat and centre of dyspepsia and its host of frightful ills, and they are certain to correct all errors of the digestive system, and give tone to the body.

They are besides presented in a very attractive form, and being tasteless, are not unpleasant to take, while in no sense losing a fraction of their efficacy.

During the quarter of a century these medicines have been before the public, they have met with universal praise. No better commentary on their merits can be given. And not only have they during this period been prominent in public esteem, but received what is harder to secure, the general and conscientious endorsement of the most eminent physicians.

In concluding this sketch of medical progress, and of these great curatives, it would be unjust to pass Messrs. Radway & Co., without noticing and commending the enviable manner in which their business has been and is now conducted. No firm in the country is more straightforward in all transactions, and none is entitled to more deserved praise for its enterprise, generosity and strict integrity. The members of the house may well congratulate themselves upon founding and successfully managing an enterprise that has for its grand aim the amelioration of human suffering and which will be remembered in the annals of business as a grand success.

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

The following editorial from the Philadelphia *Times*, contains a great deal of truth, and is very appropriate in connection with the advertisement of Frank Siddalls Soap which appears in this issue. A large number of our readers have adopted this way of washing clothes, and would not go back to the old way any more than they would hire an old-fashioned ox-cart to travel in. Every housekeeper who has not tried Frank Siddalls Soap should without delay send for a sample cake, promising to use according to the directions:

DON'T BE A CLAM.

And now comes a report from Germany that a man has invented an ironing machine that will iron a shirt or a sheet; a pair of pants without breaking the buttons, or a pillow-sham without tearing the lace, and all without fire or heat of any kind. It is called "cold ironing," or ironing without heat, and the delighted but verdant German innocently calculates on an immense sale of his new implements because he does away with the heat of the iron and the risk of scorching the article to be ironed.

He forgets that the world is full of clams, especially in housekeeping, who shut themselves up in their shells whenever a new improvement in housekeeping comes along.

With the many clams who run the housekeeping of the country, the cold ironing process is the really weak point of the German inventor. "Iron without a hot iron? not if I know myself, and I think I do," will be ready response of the housekeeper clam. "My mother and her mother and her mother's mother all have ironed with hot irons; they know that it was necessary to make the clothes look real handsome, and, besides, what does a man and a Dutchman know about housework anyway?" Thus do the household clams answer, and they go on with the hot iron, sweltering through hot days and scorching delicate fabrics in all seasons, and the German inventor will realize by-and-by that he has missed his calling in trying to make woman's work easier. The housekeeper clams boss the housekeeping of the world, and they want to be let alone in ignorance and slavish drudgery.

The repugnance of the average housekeeper to try new ideas is one of the gravest misfortunes of the times. In all other departments of industry there is intelligent progress, but in the field of woman's labor there is scarcely the semblance of advancement. As a rule they take offence at the suggestion that a new thing should be tried. They see it tried in the barn, in the fields, in the shops, on the highways, and every place, in fact, but in the house, where the hardest labor is to be performed, but they shut up in their clam-shells whenever it is proposed to lessen their toil. The inventor of the sewing-machine and of the clothes-wringer had a battle of years to get a footing in the household, and it was only when the shops and the laundries had made those improvements a necessity that the housekeeper-clams opened their shells and reluctantly accepted what they now could not dispense with.

It is high time that the housekeeper clams should open their shells and learn how the world moves. They should try all things that give a reasonable promise of lessening housekeeping labor, and hold fast to that which is good. In these day of telegraphs and telephones, of rapid transit and steam heat, of electric lights, coal oil stoves and gas stoves, it is remarkable that the questions of cooking, of washing, of ironing, of baking, of scrubbing, and many others are but little beyond where the clams of the last generation or of the last century, placed them. The sewing question has been solved, that clothes-wringing question has been solved, and other important domestic question have been solved, and should not those admitted improvements teach sensible, practical women the necessity of progress? Don't be a clam!

Housekeepers should turn over a new leaf. If the German's ironing-machine comes along, try it; give it an honest trial. Never mind whether it takes a hot iron or a warm iron or a scald iron, but try it just as the maker directs. It will cost little; it may save much and every step taken in the improvement of the condition of the slaves of the kitchen will be a point gained for all time. Remember that it is the clam that stays in its shell and learns nothing about the progress of the world. When improvements are offered by a friend or by newspaper advertisements or by the irrepressible agent, give them a trial even if it does go against all of the grandmother notions. Don't be a clam!

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

West Union, Ia., June 21, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

A. M. S.

Germantown, O., June 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

L. C. D.

Coldwater, Mich., June 23, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

M. A. T.

Haywards, Cal., June 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

A. L. D.

Wabash, Ind., June 19, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. A.

Denver, Colo., June 19, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. K. R.

Montreal, Canada, June 17, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

A. S.

Tarboro, N. C., June 21, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

W. D. L.

Pearsal, Tex., June 19, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. F.

Marlboro, O., June 25, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

G. W.

Marengo, Va., June 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. The Post is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

F. M.

Stockdale, Tex., June 19, '82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium?

W. D. R.

Berlinton, Ind., June 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. H.

Peconic, La., June 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

C. C. P.

Chehalis, Wash., June 28, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

North Hector, N. Y., June 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

M. C.

AN EPITAPH.

Here lies a man whose earthly race is run;
He raised the hammer of a fowling gun
And blew into the muzzle just because
He wished to know if it was loaded—and it was.

Here lies a man who one day found an old bomb-shell,
But whether it was charged or not he could not tell;
He struck it with an axe to satisfy his mind—
Friends buried here as much of him as they could find.

Here lies a man who wagered that he could drink
A quart of rum at once and never wink;
He won the bet—the fact is very plain;
He drank the rum, and never winked again.

Step lightly, stranger, for the man who lies
Beneath this mound ate twenty lemon pies
To win a bet. They laid him here to rest,
For pies are mighty hard things to digest.

Facetiæ.

Free of charge—An empty gun.

Epitaph for an actor—Played out.

A writ of attachment—A love-letter.

A china set—A hen on a porcelain nest egg.

Goes against the grain—The reaping machine.

A little nut brown made—A peanut in a roaster.

Song of the postage-stamp—"Gum, O Gum with Me."

"Come, brace up!" as the suspenders said to the baggy trousers.

Some things are past finding out. The love for whisky is what staggers a man.

The bootjack was first used as an offensive weapon in the time of Catalina, the conspirator.

The man who could not find words to express his feelings, was too poor to purchase a dictionary.

When the washerwoman calls for a young man's linen, does that make her a shirt-collar? Nockst.

"Can you flirt with a fan?" asked a coquette of her partner. "No," he replied; "but I can fan a flirt.

Nothing can exceed the fatuity of the man who goes up to the thermometer this weather to see if it is hot.

"The camel's kick," writes a naturalist, "is a study." It may be added that the mule's kick is a lesson.

A convict, sent to prison, was asked what trade he preferred. He said that if it was all the same to them, he would be a sailor.

"Know thyself" may be an excellent sort of proverb, but some people wouldn't know very much if they obeyed it implicitly.

At a house where they do a great deal of fancy work and keep a white poodle, an innocent gentleman asked, "Who knit the dog?"

If you would bring up a child in the way he should go, parents should be careful and not let the lad see the way they go themselves.

The hides of all the cats in America would be worth $10,000,000 to commerce. And it's a fearful shame to have so much property lying idle.

Fogg says he was never baptized, but he went to church where there was a sprinkling of sinners in the congregation, and he was one of them.

Hibernian, after attentively surveying tourist's bicycle: "Arrah, now, an' sure that wee wheel will niver keep up with the big wan at all."

A dull old lady, being told that a certain lawyer was lying at the point of death, exclaimed: "Dear me! won't even death stop that man lying?"

A 15-year-old Detroit boy killed a man because he made life a sore to him. If editors acted on that principle, the coroner wouldn't get time to sleep.

A North Carolina couple were married in a diving-bell. They probably wished to have some experience in cold water before getting into "hot water."

A man gathering mushrooms was told that they were poisonous. "Thank you," he replied, "I am not going to eat them myself; I sell them at the hotel."

Galileo discovered the movement of the contribution-box at a camp-meeting in 1612, and said: "It does go round," for which he was afterwards called a rounder.

Dr. Holland once said that "the greatest blessing that a young man can enjoy is poverty." It is one of those blessings that "brighten as they take their flight."

"Too much absorbed in his business," was the comment of a Western newspaper on the death of a brewer who was found drowned in a tank of his own beer.

Chicago ministers are discussing ways and means for closing the Sunday theatres in that city. Probably the best way would be to pass the collection box after each act.

A passer-by gives two cents to a beggar. "Thank you for your good intentions," said the beggar, "but I no longer accept cents. They did very well when I began to beg, but now—"

"Reasons for dressing plainly on Sunday" is the title of a little essay on social ethics. Most of us have the very best reasons for dressing plainly on Sunday. Don't mention it.

Never despair. Many a boy who goes around with a yellow patch on his blue pantaloons, may some day write a volume of poetry in blue and gold, or have a silver plate on his door.

"Intelligent!" said the man of his setter-dog, "he knows a heap, sir. Why, he once took a dislike to a man, and went and induced the man to kick him so I could lick the man. Fact, sir!"

Humorous.

We are told that "Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is more fond of her boys than of her books." Lots of her sex prefer boys to books.

The swan, we have been told, sings before dying. When we heard old Glenn sing the other day, we couldn't help wishing he was a swan.

"Aleck, spell cat, bat, and rat with only only one letter for each word." "It can't be did." "Can't, eh? Well, just look here—c 90 cat, b 80, hat, r 90 rat."

"Doctor," said a gentleman to his pastor, "how can I best train up my boy in the way he should go?" "By going that way yourself," blandly replied the pastor.

The accuracy of a man's business qualifications is generally observed by his promptitude in consulting his watch while arranging an appointment two weeks in advance.

It is estimated by the census of 1880 that there is an average of five and a quarter persons to each family. In many of them the husband is the quarter.

A gentleman in this city advised his son to aim high in life, and the man went out and shot a cow. Beef was about the highest thing he could find to aim at.

According to Darwin, "those who are the best fitted to live, are the ones who do live." Judging from some that do live, those who do not must be sorry specimens, indeed.

Hard case, that which happened in the suburbs. A man turned to stone! We should have said the man was a hard case, and turned to stone a dog, breaking the poor creature's leg.

It is only the rich who can stay home and enjoy their lawn dresses, cool verandas, and pleasant rooms. The poor must go away every summer or some one will think they haven't any money.

While science cannot trace to its origin the vital spark, it can regulate nature's force. In all cases of disordered nerves, Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills give comfort and tone. They cure dyspepsia, headache, and aggravating wakefulness.

It has been observed that many of the builder maniacs in our insane institutions have a peculiar swinging motion of the arms, as though striking at something on the ground. That is a last relic of the croquet business, and intended as a terrible warning to all beholders.

NERVOUS DEBILITY and weakness, "Wells' Health Renewer" is greatest remedy. Druggists, $1.

"Will Willie Come Home When the Twilight Falls?" is the title of a sentimental ballad. Oh, yes; he will come home when the twilight fails, or even a little earlier—usually just about sixteen or seventeen hours earlier; and you can figure it out for yourself.

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1. per bottle.

Do you remember the picture in an illustrated paper? A hot July afternoon, a fashionable church with the words over the door, "Closed for the Summer," and his Satanic majesty just across the way, smiling and murmuring to himself, "I take no vacation!"

DON'T DIE in the house. Ask Druggists for Rough on Rats, mice, wousels, 15c.

Stopping at a village inn, there came a thunder-storm, and a visitor, surprised that a new country should have reached such perfection in meteorologic manufactures, said to a bystander, "Why, you have very heavy thunder here." "Yes," replied the man, "we do, considering the number of inhabitants."

PRIZE ESSAYS.

Mr. Wanamaker's Employes Tell "What is the Best Way to Wait on a Customer."

About three months ago, Mr. John Wanamaker offered to his employes at the Grand Depot a series of five prizes, ranging from $50 to $10, for the best essay on the subject, "What is the Best Way to Wait on a Customer?" Over eighty essays were sent to the committee of judges, and last evening a large audience, consisting of Mr. Wanamaker's employes, assembled at the Grand Depot to enjoy the exercises incident to the award of the prizes.

After an enjoyable programme of vocal solos, duets, quartettes and choruses, and addresses by Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D. D., and John Field, of Young, Smyth, Field & Co., the essay which secured the prize—that by Miss Mary Brewer—was read. Miss Brewer assumed that the foundation principles in a saleswoman are: First, true loyalty to her employer; second, loyalty to the customer, with the legion of elements implied in them, cordiality, politeness, honesty, tact, patience, perseverance, decision, confidence, willingness, and enthusiasm, each in its turn being requisite, some occasionally, others always. The second prize was awarded to Wm. H. Brokaw, the third to Thos. C. Bennett, the fourth to James Clarency, and the fifth to J. W. Carson.

In a brief address, Mr. Wanamaker expressed his gratification at the success that had attended his scheme of getting his salespeople to concentrate their thoughts upon a subject of so much importance to him and them; and intended that the idea should be hereafter elaborated. He suggested that in so large a family, numbering 2,500 people, the members might not only instruct and entertain each other, but aid even them in times of need. He spoke of the excellent results that would attend the organization of a beneficial or insurance society among the employes, and showed that if the latter would only put ten cents a month out of their wages, it would probably be sufficient to aid even other cases of sickness, accident or death. In conclusion, he offered to pay the expenses of a secretary, or whoever else might be needed, in order to make such a movement go smoothly, and to contribute $1,000 to the fund as a starter. The proposition was enthusiastically received, but Mr. Wanamaker said the employes should not decide hastily, but wait and consider it carefully.—From the Philadelphia Bulletin, June 18.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 26 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

☞When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

(From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*)

A LADY SAID

"Those Horrid Pimples! No, I Cannot Go. Please Present My Excuses."

Probably two-thirds of the ladies in society and homes of our land are afflicted with skin diseases of various kinds, to do away with which, if it could be done without injury, would be the happiest event of their lives. Then she would have instead of a disfigured and marred countenance, one that would be handsome, or at least good-looking, for any one with a clear, pure skin, no matter what the cut of her features are, has a certain amount of good looks which attract everybody. As it is now, she imagines every one sees and talks about "those freckles," "those horrid pimples," and other blemishes with which she is afflicted, and this is true of either sex.

To improve this appearance, great risks are taken: arsenic, mercury, or high-sound tilled named articles containing these death-dealing drugs, are taken in hopes of getting rid of all these troubles. In many cases, death is the result. No alleviation of the burning, heating, itching and inflammation is given. All troubled with Eczema (salt rheum,) Tetters, Humors, Inflammation, Rough Scaly Eruptions of any kind, Diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples or Tender Itchings on any part of the body, should know that there is hope for them in a sure, perfect and elegant remedy, known as "Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure." It makes the skin white, soft and smooth, removes tan and freckles, and is the best toilet dressing in the world. It is elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment. Our readers should be sure to get this and not some old remedy resuscitated on the success of Dr. Benson's and now advertised as the "The Great Skin Cure." There is only one,—it bears the Doctor's picture and is for sale by all druggists. $1 per package.

A Sensation

HAS OFTEN BEEN MADE

by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

They really do cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Paralysis and Melancholy.

Price, 50 cents per box, two for $1, six for $2.50 by mail, postage free.—Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md. Sold by all druggists.

C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.

ORGANS

27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $109.75

The Famous Beethoven Organ with a beautiful Pipe Top, Handsome Black Walnut Case, suitable *for the Parlor, Church or Sabbath School.* Shipped on one year's trial, with Organ Bench, Stool and Music, ONLY

$109.75

Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Money refunded with interest if not as represented after one year's use. Organs built on the old plan, $30, $40, $50 6 to 11 stops. ☞*Catalogue FREE.* Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

EXTRAORDINARY! I will send postpaid 100 good Envelopes, 100 Letter-Heads, 100 Cards, all neatly printed as desired for $1. B. H. Shaw, Newark, O.

THE GREAT SHOPPING MART OF AMERICA.

Goods are sent to all Parts of the World from

WANAMAKER'S GRAND DEPOT,

and Thousands of Ladies are now doing their Shopping without leaving home.

EVERYTHING *In Dress or Dress Material*

For Everybody, of either Sex or of any Age. Write for Samples and Prices of what you want. They will be freely and promptly sent.

Address, plainly,

JOHN WANAMAKER,
Grand Depot,
Thirteenth & Market, Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED

A HARVEST FOR AGENTS.

Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of **50 cents.** Do not fail to order. Also Oleographs 12 for 20cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling **Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters,** etc. **Sample outfit Free.** Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. P'rtic'l'rs free **CIGARS 50** S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune; postpaid worth $10 free. RIDEOUT, & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

FITS **A Positive Cure**

Where all other remedies fail even to benefit. Because you have been victimized by numerous quacks do not despair of now receiving a rapid and permanent cure. DR. LASCELLE, the great English specialist on this distressing disease, is acknowledged to be the only physician in the world whose treatment effects positive and radical cures. After repeated solicitations from the medical fraternity of America, the Doctor has consented to give the Epileptic sufferers of the country the benefit of his celebrated remedy. *It costs you nothing to try it, and it will surely cure you,* as a sample will be sent *free,* prepaid, to any sufferer who sends his name and address to Slocum & Co., Sole Agents, 4 Cedar St., New York.

KNOW THE FUTURE!

Prof. L. F. Martinez, the Great Spanish Seer, Astrologer and Psychologist, will for 25c. (with age, height, color of eyes, and lock of hair, and a certain portion of the time future to be told or write, with name, time and place of meeting, and marriage predestined, if any) send a Horoscope, correctly prepared. Every person should have one. Address, Prof. L. F. MARTINEZ, 19 Hawley Place, Boston, Mass.

DRUNKENNESS

EASILY CURED with THE DOUBLE CHLORIDE OF GOLD. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., Surgeon U. S. A. R. R., Dwight, Ill. 3,000 cures. Books Free.

50 HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, New & Artistic designs, name on, In case 10c. Acknowledged best sold. Album of Samples 25c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven Conn.

BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, $90. **Pianos,** $237.50. Factory running day & night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

IT PAYS to sell our Hand Printing Rubber Stamps. Circulars free. FOLJAMBE & CO., successors to G. A. Harper & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Postpaid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

50 Choice Chromos, with name, in fancy case 10c. Set of samples 6c. VANN & CO., Fairhaven, Conn.

30 Gilt-Edge Compliment Cards, with name, in elegant case, 10c. H. M. COOK, Meriden, Conn.

40 CARDS, All Chromo, Glass & Motto, in case, name in Gold & Jet, 10c. WOST & CO., Westville, Ct.

The Public is requested carefully to notice the new and enlarged Scheme to be drawn Monthly.

☞CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.☜
Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of $350,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. EIGHTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS H, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1882.—147th Monthly Drawing.

Look at the following Scheme, under the exclusive supervision and management of
General G. T. BEAUREGARD, of La., and General JUBAL A. EARLY, of Va.,
who manage all the drawings of this Company, both **ordinary** and **semi-annual,** and attest the correctness of the published Official Lists.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.
100,000 Tickets at $5 Each. Fractions, in Fifths in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF	$5,000	10,000
5	do	2,000	10,000
10	do	1,000	10,000
20	do	500	10,000
100	do	200	20,000
300	do	100	30,000
500	do	50	25,000
1000	do	25	25,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.			
9	Approximation Prizes of $750		6,750
9	do	do 500	4,500
9	do	do 250	2,250
1967	Prizes, amounting to		$285,500

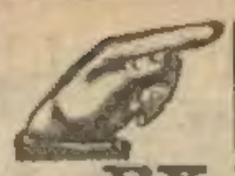
Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. Send orders by Express, Registered Letter or Money Order, address only to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.

or M. A. DAUPHIN,
607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

N. B.—Orders addressed to New Orleans will receive prompt attention.



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Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD,
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Please say where you saw this advertisement.

A VALUABLE BOOK FREE!

"A Treatise on Chronic Diseases."

Send for this book to the undersigned, a physician of large experience, endorsed by hundreds of leading citizens who testify to his skill. Send stamp to pay postage to

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DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Presses and outfits from $3 to $500. Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

DYER'S BEARD ELIXIR

A. L. SMITH & CO., Sole Agt's, Palatine, Ills.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST.

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS,
21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

A STARTLING SENSATION!

Nature's Last Secret!

Another Revolution!

Of interest to every reader of this paper, who appreciates merit, beauty and sterling value.

In all ages diamonds have been esteemed the most precious among precious stones. Modern invention, however, has just produced an imitation so marvelously perfect that expert judges fail to detect the difference. Why pay a fabulous price for a diamond when a perfect substitute can be had for nothing? The new diamonds are worn universally in Europe, and their reputation is being rapidly established here.

The Gemettes are called **Diamante Brilliants,** they are perfect gems, and all set in SOLID GOLD. They are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds. The best judges fail to detect the imitation from the real; they are produced chemically—are worn in the best society, and are really the only perfect substitute ever produced, as they possess all the purity, brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to *old mine diamonds of the first water.* We are sending out hundreds of them daily, and could fill a volume with the candid expressions of surprise and delight of recipients, from Maine to California. The illustrations below give an accurate outline of the style of setting the

We use but two sizes of **Diamante Brilliants**—the earrings and ring, each 3-karat stone, the usual 2-karats. They are not dollar-store goods, but are sold in Philadelphia for $5 to $10 each.

We don't sell **Diamante Brilliants,** but use them as a Premium for the Post. We are ambitious to secure the largest subscription list in the country; and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. With such expensive premiums we lose money on the first year's subscription; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium, which does not meet or exceed the expectations of our readers, our work is thrown away, and next year we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the premium problem thoroughly, and we offer our **Diamante Brilliant Premiums,** confidently believing that subscribers who receive them will not only help us get others, but continue our patrons for many years. *The new diamonds cost more money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber is really getting*

TEN DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

We mean business and can't afford to mislead or misrepresent. No more suitable present could be selected for anybody.

Our Offer.—On receipt of **three dollars** we agree to send *The Saturday Evening Post* one year—52 times, and any one of the **Diamante Brilliants.**

We warrant them to be solid gold (neither rolled gold nor plated), and guarantee their prompt and safe delivery. A club of two subscribers to The Post, one year, accompanied by $4, entitles the sender to either the Ring, Stud, or Earrings, Free. A club of three, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums, free. A club of four, one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, free; or, for $8, we will extend your subscription two years, and send either Ring, Stud or Earrings as a premium, free. For $6, will extend subscription three years, and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription four years, and send all three premiums, free. Club subscribers receive any one premium by sending $1 instead of $2. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—*If the premiums are not as represented in every particular,* return them at once, and we will refund your money promptly. The Premiums may be sent to one address and the paper to another.

"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."—The Post is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America, now in its eighty-first year, and this offer should not be confounded with the tempting premium of irresponsible parties. It is a large sixteen-page weekly, elegantly printed, folded, cut, and bound. Its fiction is of the highest order—the very best thought of the best writers of Europe and America. It covers the whole field of a first-class family paper; has Fashion, Needlework, Fireside Chat, Answers to Inquirers, Scientific News, and other departments, Sketches, Narratives, etc. Each volume contains two splendid Serials, from the pens of the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred short stories, and furnishes an amount of strictly first-class reading matter, all the interesting to every member of the home-circle, which can be obtained nowhere else at $2 a year. The Post is the cheapest paper in existence, it has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability refer to any bank, express-office or reputable firm in Philadelphia.

In ordering state which of the premiums is desired. Size of finger may be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in stiff paper or card-board. Remittances should be made by post-office money order, registered letter, or bank draft. Address,

The Saturday Evening Post, 726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE dominant note of all garments is the outline; this remains somewhat stationary, in spite of the efforts of imagination now and again initiated by leaders of fashion.

Nothing has been found better suited for such rich materials as moire, or broche, than the square panneau and the double skirt cut with rather deep lappets or notches, all being embroidered.

In fact the height of fashion is to be attained without embroidery this season, for it remains more than ever the order of the day.

For woolen fabrics, such as voile and mousseline de laine, the skirt with large loose puffings at the back has great style about it when nicely arranged to suit the figure of the wearer.

But perhaps the greatest novelty for checked foulards is the skirt, pleated from top to bottom, or with a triple gathering ornamenting the lower edge.

This skirt is made over one either of silk or wool, which under skirt is trimmed at the bottom with at least three little kiltings of two tints of surah.

Then the gathering, which as it were fastens down the over skirt, forms a sort of flounce, over which is generally seen the inevitable ficelle lace, or sometimes English embroidery.

And for dresses to be worn on still more ceremonious occasions, an addition is made to the under skirt of two plaitings of lace over those in surah; thus giving the costume a pretty and stylish appearance.

Indeed, as these foregoing remarks will indicate, there is quite a mass, not to say confusion in the trimmings at the edge of dresses just now.

For example, a skirt will have a box pleating of moire, coming next to a tiny kilting of plain surah, on a dress suitable for a race meeting, in sky and marine blue moire; the large pleating in dark blue, partly concealing the little kilting of ciel blue. This is sometimes repeated twice, and is always attached to the under skirt.

Then the skirt of the dress we have just described with deep pleatings from top to bottom, terminating in kiltings both of lace and silk, two scarves, one in surah and the other in moire, crossing over the tablier pass over the hips in the form of paniers, and are tied behind a la Maquignonne. The bodice for this costume is made of pale blue moire striped with marine blue, trimmed with lace over revers of plain marine silk to throw up the richness of its pattern.

This style of dress would be equally pretty in maize, or in cuivre and blue, coral and cendre, and in many other colors blending well together.

In spite of the advanced season, satin still holds its own for dresses for matrons. To very young ladies are left the cloud-like gauzes, and many different tulles and laces; but truth will out, and in the fashionable world a lady cannot renounce luxury. Splendor, therefore, and richness of material are essential, and with these costly fabrics there is more opportunity for the use also of beads, flowers, and valuable laces.

Broches will decidedly last in fashion, the preference leaning towards those of quiet tints, with cream or ecru foundation.

It is the costume for toilettes invented in the spring for soirees and dances to go through the season, that is to say, to be worn later on at the sea-side, and even for autumn receptions at country houses. This is one reason for speaking of them even to ladies who do not dance much.

They may be said to be typical, for they inspire some idea for transformation to be adopted for any special occasion, such as a wedding or provincial official gathering at a season of the year when a lady may not feel inclined to order decidedly new costumes.

Taste has decidedly pronounced in favor of such shades, as copper, pervenche, chaudron, grape, gray, and all similarly sober tints.

The scabieuse and heliotrope are blended with pink, which is evidently a pure reminiscence of our great-great-grandmothers. Ladies not liking heavy materials for their season dresses can make a selection of the grenadines peknees with pompadour stripes, or those that are embroidered in the same color.

One we saw worn by a vendeuse at a bazaar had the short skirt consisting of Bagdad green satin, trimmed at the edge with two satin plaitings separated by a lace frill, and over this jupe was another of grenadine embroidered with red poppies, and a profusion of foliage.

The grenadine tunic draped en bonne grace on the right side had a bunch of lace to fasten it there and a frill of lace at the edge.

The corsage had small points in front, with long coat tails at the back, which were carelessly tied, and finished off with large silk tassels red, green, and bisque, giving the costume a very original appearance.

As will be seen, in point of trimming almost the wildest fancies may be indulged in.

Every description is, in turn, had recourse to, some being almost ugly and common; it is better then, as some ladies have lately had the courage to do, to return altogether to what is known to be pretty, even should something similar have been seen before.

We have recently remarked that many positive leaders of fashion have gone back again to the skirts literally covered with little kiltings, thus discarding the heavy ruches at the edge of the skirt, which however fashionable they may be, it must be owned are not becoming to all figures.

Among new summer fabrics satin-striped armure grenadine leads; brocaded grenadine Spanish lace are used as dress trimming over and with colored voiles and surahs. White gauzes, brocaded China crapes, and embroidered voile form the principal materials for white summer costumes.

Spotted muslin trimmed with embroidery and embroidered India muslin are materials largely employed for young ladies' costumes.

Fireside Chat.

BEAUTY—HOW TO PROCURE IT.

BESIDES the waters and vinegars used to mix with the water for ordinary morning ablutions, there are non-alcoholic waters, (emolient and astringent,) that are used for refreshing the face during the day, such as elder-flowers, mallows root, bran, walnut leaves, barks of oak, etc.; but, as they do not keep long, they are generally prepared day by day, as they are required. I perceive by many of our correspondents' letters that they do not like the trouble of preparing their own washes, even when they have the first materials at hand, such as elder-flowers, mallows, etc. Even rose leaves boiled in water make a cooling wash (a pound of rose leaves to a pint of water boiled down to half the quantity of liquid and then strained through clean muslin), and the same with many other flowers. A very favorite water in France is nothing but distilled myrtle-flower leaves. It is slightly tonic and astringent, an anti-wrinkles to a certain extent.

Another cooling wash, called *eau de Ninon*, is composed of rose water and glycerine. I need not tell you that glycerine was unknown at the time of the famous Ninon de L'Enclos, but glycerine forms a part of almost every wash to which her name is given.

An excellent wash for cooling the face during the day is made of a quart of orange-flower water, 50 drachms of glycerine, and 10 drachms of borax. Of course you may reduce the proportions by half and quarter, according to the quantity of water you may wish to make at a time. The last receipt is recommended as a daily lotion by Dr. Startin. It is suitable to dry, rough skins, and it renders the face powder adhesive to the face, when powder is used.

I pass over aromantic vinegars, for I do not suppose they will interest you much. I will, however, give you the receipt of three celebrated toilet vinegars, and begin by the universally known Bully vinegar. The patent having expired, it is now public property: Water, 3,500 drachms; alcohol at 85 deg., 1,750 drachms; essence of bergamot, 15 drachms, essence of lemon, 15 drachms; essence of Portugal, 6 drachms; essence of rosemary, 12 drachms; essence of lavender, 2 drachms; essence of neroli 2 drachms; alcohol of mint, 250 drachms. Mix, shake, and leave to soak for 24 hours, then add 30 drachms each of tincture of benzoin, tolu, storax, and cloves. Mix and shake again, then add a kilo of distilled vinegar. Strain, and twelve hours later add 45 drachms of radical vinegar. A doctor tells me, however, that Bully's vinegar is very irritating to the skin, and yet its fame is so great in France that no toilet table is without it.

Another celebrated vinegar is the four thieves' vinegar. The story of this is well known. During the plague at Marseilles, four men, by the means of vinegar, attended multitudes of people affected by the plague, and they, also under this pretence, robbed both the sick and the dead. Being discovered they were condemned to death. One of the men, however, saved himself from the gallows by closing the composition of the specific, which is as follows: Of fresh tops of common wormwood, Roman wormwood, rosemary, sage, mint, and rue, each ¾oz.; lavender flowers, 1 oz.; garlic, calamus-aromaticus, cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg, each 1 drachm; camphor, ½oz.; alcohol or brandy, 1 oz.; strong vinegar, 4 pints. Digest all the materials (except the camphor and spirit) in a covered jar; leave for a fortnight. Then press and filter, and add the camphor, which will have been previously dissolved in the brandy or spirit.

Washed with this vinegar, and inhaling it, there is no fear of infection of any disease—so at least the legend says.

Here is the recipe of truly simple beauty vinegar:—6 bulbs of daffodils and 1 oz. of nettle seeds. Crush them together, and steep for twenty-four hours in red vinegar. This, it is said, will clear the skin of freckles if used at night and morning. Persons subject to freckles should never go out in the open air without being covered with a veil. Cold cream, or glycerine and powder should be spread on the face also, which forms a mask to protect the skin from the influence of the air. Freckles may possibly be cured by washing three or four times a day with a lotion composed of 20 drachms of borate of soda and 1,000 drachms of distilled water. There are other recipes, but this one is frequently successful. In ancient Rome, freckles and other imperfections of the skin used to be cured with the refuse of certain birds, and even now boils are cured in modern Rome with plasters made of the refuse of pigeons, which abound in Rome. To those who grumble at modern extravagance, let me present an ancient Roman matron at her toilet. She is described thus by Dr. Constantine James, whom I so frequently quote: "In front of a table, covered with bottles and pots containing toilet cosmetics, stands a lady dressed in a white wrapper (intusium), made of a soft woolen material, something like the modern muslin de laine. The collar is richly braided (laminosus). The sleeves reach mid-arm. The hem (listen, oh gentlemen!) is edged by two rows of pearls, some of which are of great value, and which train on the ground. Hence the proverb, 'to walk on pearls' (Margaritas calcare). In a corner of the room lies a little poodle dog on a soft cushion." Martial says that these pet dogs were trained to be amiable and gentle in manners, and to conduct themselves in every way like well-educated dogs. They were even taught not to snore, for they slept with their mistress, in the same bed and on the same pillow. In another corner of the room was a silver cage, encased in ivory bars, and in this was a magnificent parrot, taught to say: "Salve! Vale! Eage!" (hail, health, courage). Statius says that the parrot spoke better than the magpie, starling, or partridge! It appears that in Statius's days partridges could be taught to speak like parrots. Are our modern sportsmen aware of this?

As for the slaves or servants who attended the lady (domina) during her toilet, there was one for every part of her person, and for every special care or adornment of each different part. Each servant, or maid as we should call her, had her own distinctive duty, and only one—and none was allowed to encroach on the other's attributes.

Who shall say, after this, that modern ladies are extravagant, or that they "make up" more than those noble matrons who are held up as models for all of us to follow. Read Pliny, and you will see that they dyed their hair black with St. John's wort, cypress, boiled leek parings, and walnut shells. A mixture of oil, ashes, and earth worms prevented the hair from turning white. (The lady who writes to ask what will prevent the hair turning white may note this down).

Myrtle-berries prevented baldness. Bears' grease, even at that early period, was used to make the hair grow. To make the hair flaxen, they used vinegar lees or quince juice mixed with privet. They even dyed their hair blue. They darkened their eyebrows and eyelids; they used carmine for their cheeks, and mandrake for effacing scars; and besides these simple substances, Roman perfumers compounded a variety of mixtures, which are mentioned by Pliny and Ovid. Some of these cosmetics have given immortality to their inventors—as Niceros, Cosmus, Folia, etc. I copy this from Dr. Septimus Piesse's interesting work on the "Art of Perfumery." Turning over the pages of the book, I also come upon this paragraph: "Benzoin is the principal ingredient in all vended compositions for sweet fumigation." After reading this I immediately made a shovel red hot, and dropped a few drops of tincture of benzoin on it, when the whole room was instantly filled with a delicious odor, which still continues. Here, then, is a fumigation found which cost the merest trifle, and is almost constantly at hand.

"Fever," Dr. Piesse continues to say, "may have its own in one chamber, but it will rarely penetrate another room, even in the same house, if there be an occasional sacrifice of incense." Where there are disagreeable odors also of any kind, and it is impossible to get rid of them by an air current, the best neutraliser is another odor. In this way the odors of old cathedrals and abbeys, formerly used as burial-places, were overcome with the vapor of incense, not merely masked, as some think, but neutralised by combination. Pestiferous emanations of all kinds are at once destroyed by odorous vapors resulting from slow combustion. Recent researches, especially those of Professor Mantegazza, show that the ancients were neither imaginative nor superstitious in their free use of odoriferous substances to guard themselves against the attack of infectious diseases. This subject was deemed of sufficient importance to be referred to in the opening remarks of the presiding chairman of the public health section at a recent meeting of the British Medical Association, and as one deserving careful study. The cultivation of herbs and flowers in places infected by animal emanations is the advice which Mantegazza gives. The best plants to be cultivated for this purpose are the cherry-laurel, clove, and lavender; and the best herbs are the narcissus, hyacinth, and mignonette. The best disinfectant perfumes, are the eau Hongroise (given in a former letter), oil of bergamot, and certain aromatic tinctures. Lavender bundles are much used in Rome as disinfectants, and there disinfectants are needed indeed. Lovers of odors, there, are not so mad as some persons would fain have us believe, for if they give health they give beauty, and this is the reason why I have here mentioned them.

Correspondence.

S. A., (Graves, Ky.)—You are confusing Thomas Moore, the poet, with Sir Thomas More, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII.

I. D. T., (Douglass, Kans.)—In such cases it is the rule among people of sense and taste for the lady to take the gentleman's arm.

R. G. N., (Henderson, N. C.)—"What is meant by building castles in Spain?" The phrase means the same as building castles in the air. When one entertains boundless and visionary projects, he is said to build castles in the air, or castles in Spain.

GEORGE, (Barton, Ga.)—There must be some reason for thier acting in a disagreeable manner towards you. As you have a comfortable situation, and do not wish to leave it, endeavor to find out the reason, and if it rests with yourself, rectify the cause: if with your fellow-servants, try to reason them out of it.

READER, (New York.)—1. Ole Bull was born in Bergen, Norway, in 1810. He resided in his later years near Madison, Wisconsin, and, if we are not mistaken, died in Europe. 2. We cannot tell. Who is the greatest orator, preacher, singer, violinist, is a matter of varying taste. 3. The Great Eastern, 680 feet long, 82 feet wide.

PINDLEY, (Benton, Miss.)—We do not know. We have never been enthusiastic over the woolen and other weddings, and as the silver wedding is followed by the golden at fifty, it might be proper to get a committee of experts in metals to fix on something between silver and gold that would bear connection with the fortieth year.

A. M. N., (Polk, Wis.)—We cannot advise you to accept one man while you love another, nor can we advise you to disobey your parents. Then what are you to do? Let things alone for a year or so, when one or the other suitor may stand in such a relation that you will no longer be in the dilemma. The fair and rich one, for example, may find a girl who loves him, and the dark one in the meantime win over your parents.

WRONGED, (Pilot, Dak.)—Our advice to you is, first, to say nothing of all this to any mortal; and, if possible, induce her to observe the same silence. Secondly, be a model husband to her in every respect. Thirdly, take all possible care of your wife's health. Fourthly, never make the least difference in your demeanor to the man. And, lastly, hope, as we do, that this is a little temporary disorder of feeling in your wife, which will pass away in time.

MARY L., (Somerset, Pa.)—This is a matter on which no one can give you minute directions. This young man, as far as it appears, is not engaged to you, has not proposed to you, and is free to visit any other young lady as he calls upon you. For you to "take up a position" about it would imply that you thought that you had rights and were indignant. You will act more wisely to let things take their course; treat him with civility, and take no notice of the "chaff" of your friends, or the occasion for it.

MOTHER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—1. Just as soon as he or she begins to be able to speak. You may think this too soon, but the teaching should consist in speaking good grammar to the child, and correcting faults as they appear. The formal rules of grammar may be left out of a pupil's education until very late. 2. Distinct pronunciation of each word, emphasis corresponding to the sense, and good, deep tones from the chest, not from the throat. 3. "This is the man from whom a thief stole John's purse, and whom John threatened to have arrested." 4. Study periods, learn the causes that led to wars and revolutions, and the manners and customs of the times. To really know what the Puritans were, the causes which brought about the Revolution, and the characters of the men on each side, is more important, and will do more good than to learn the names and dates of every king and queen in Europe, since the time of Charlemagne.

VINCUX, (Cape May, N. J.)—It is a very difficult matter to get at the population of the whole of the East Indies, but we can give you some idea of its immensity. British India, comprising the two Presidencies of Bengal and Madras, Agra, the Punjaub, and the settlements of Singapore, Penang, etc., have an area of 736,193 square miles, and a population of 191,891,825. The area of the dependent States is 661,248 square miles, and a population of 52,660,629; or a total area 1,417,547 square miles, and a population of 155,224,851. Besides the above, there is India beyond the Ganges, or Further India, which is 2,000 miles in length by 1,200 in width, containing the Birman and Siamese Empires, the former of which alone contains a population of 8,000,000. There are several minor kingdoms and States which our space will not allow us to particularize; but the entire population may be set down at about 200,000,000. If you require further information, write again.

PHILOLOGY, (Leo, Iowa.)—"Theory," in your sentence, means only an explanation of a certain class of facts. What Darwin has done is to show that certain observed facts can be explained by the supposition that man is descended from lower animals, and so it is right to say that he has discovered this explanation or theory. If "invent" retained its original meaning it might be right, too, but it has quite changed its significance. It now means, most frequently, to devise some machine or method for doing something. When applied to immaterial objects it is usually used in a bad sense, as when we say that some one "invented malicious stories." Please bear in mind that when we pronounce one sentence right and the other wrong, we are referring to the forms of expression, and not to facts. In the first place, Charles Darwin was by no means the first to teach the doctrine that man was descended from lower animals, and in the second place, we do not consider his explanation of the facts at all satisfactory.

IRVING, (Cooper, Ind.)—Meerschaum is a mineral, a hydrous silicate of magnesia, and is found in veins, principally in Asia Minor. The name is German, and means "sea-foam." It is given on account of the lightness and whiteness of the material. The finest pieces are cut roughly into the shapes of pipes and cigar-holders, and then sent to Pesth and Vienna, in Austria, to be finished. The poorer pieces, small fragments, and parings are ground up into a paste, allowed to harden, and an inferior sort of pipes made from them. This artificial meerschaum is heavier than the genuine, and colors less readily. When the article is finished it is soaked for some time in a mixture of wax and fat, a portion of which is absorbed. It is this which, being brown colors, and not, as is generally supposed, the nicotine of the tobacco. In fact, it is very doubtful if tobacco is any more wholesome smoked through the most expensive meerschaum ever carved than through a common clay pipe; and the best plan is not to smoke at all, and so save the price of pipe and tobacco, to say nothing of time and health.